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STAR-LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY VANDYKE BROWN.

Into the desert Despair I am driven,
Stung by the lashes of memory keen,
For mine is the horrible crime unforgiven,
The sin unseen!

My heart was redder than hearts of roses,
My blood was redder than reddest wine,
My dreams were like sunsets which June discloses,
For Love was mine.

I worshiped a seraph, and she for me only
Dwelt in a radiant, palpitant star;
And night after night, through all the nights lonely,
I loved her afar.

Oh, think not this love was the sensual, common,
Every-day passion of every-day man
In channels like this, no love for mere woman
Ever yet ran.

I turned me aside from one whose sweet being
Was wound round my own, like a blossoming vine;
Bat-blind was my soul to all save the seeing
My seraph star shine.

There—there was my heart in the heavens above me
Wherever that bright orb held its way;
If others should hate, or if others should love me,
What mattered it, pray?

The song of the robin, the children's fresh laughter,
Sweet tones to me once, now discordantly jarred;
Such sounds become senseless to him reaching after
A Love seraph-starred!

No longer to pity's appeal could I listen,
No longer find peace in simple pursuits,
For these, unto one whose star-love must glisten,
Are dead-sea fruits!

The fragrance of old I missed in the flowers,
The sunshine grew dim, the busy world tame;
So burned my soul out with its God-given powers,
In the star's fierce flame!

The old love—the earth love—was quenched, and forever;
Old yearnings, old hopes, old friends stood afar;
And still I went on in the one mad endeavor
To reach my star!

O planet of evil! O siren unholy!
Give back—give back what I never may know—
That peace that was mine when, content and lowly,
I let the stars go!

ONE NIGHT'S CRIME;
OR,
A FATAL PASSION.
(LA FILLE MAUDITE.)

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF EMILE RICHEBOURG,
FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY DUDLEY WINTHROP MOORE.

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PART THE SECOND.—OLD MARDOCHE.

CHAPTER II.—HANDSOME FRANCOIS.

Blanche was fond of early walks. Almost always with her godfather, at long intervals, leaning on the arm of the farmer, and all alone sometimes, the peasants met her in the paths, wetting her feet in the dew, and gathering the prettiest flowers of the valley. Flowers! Blanche adored them.

Now, one morning, when she descended to the courtyard ready for her morning walk, a tall, rather good-looking young man, whose bland air did not entirely conceal something false and cunning in his nature, hastened to meet her.

"My pretty cousin is going for a stroll?" he said, an equivocal smile passing over his thin lips.

"Yes. Do you know where my godfather is?"

"I think he went to Fremicourt."

"In that case, I will wait till he returns."

"If you would permit, I should be happy to offer you my arm."

"No, thank you," she replied dryly. "If my godfather does not return soon, I prefer to go alone."

The young man bit his lips, and a gleam of anger danced in his eyes.

"You always treat me coldly," he said spitefully; "I have noticed it before to-day. Yet I am something more than a mere farm-hand here; my father is one of Mons. Mellier's nearest relatives."

"I am well aware of it," she answered quickly. "But I do not see why you should find fault with me; I have certainly never intended to vex you."

"You are really very good, Blanche; but you do not like me."

"I dislike no one, Mons. Francois."

"Oh! you won't admit that I displease you!"

"No, for if I did it would be telling you a very disagreeable thing."

"But I love you, Blanche, I love you; and, if you only would, Seuillon should see a fine wedding before haytime."

The young girl's cheeks grew crimson, and she was about to give Jacques Mellier's relative no very pleasant answer, when she espied Rouvenat, who had just stopped a few feet off, with knit brows.

"Ah! my godfather!" she cried, springing towards him, leaving the enamored cousin all confused. "Are you coming with me?" she whole holding up her pretty forehead to Pierre, who kissed it affectionately.

"No, not to-day. Go for your walk, my little one. But do not go too far, as the dew is yet on the ground. As for me, I must have a talk with Francois."

The young girl threw her arms around his neck, and, drawing his head down, whispered in his ear:

"Did you hear what he said to me?"

"Yes."

"Then answer him for me. I would sooner remain single all my life than marry *him*."

Whereupon she kissed old Pierre two or three times, and bounded away like a young gazelle.

Francois was about to leave also, when Rouvenat stopped him with:

"I have something very serious to say to you, Francois."

"For some time past," continued Pierre in a severe tone, "you have taken liberties with Blanche that displease her."

"Is a fellow forbidden to speak to her? Moreover, I do not think that I have failed to show her the respect due her."

"Thunder!" exclaimed Pierre vehemently. "Tis well for you that you have not, or else I should have taken you by the shoulders and pitched you out of the house!"

Francois turned pale, and a wicked smile wadered over his lips.

"It seems to me," he said, with a shade of irony, "that my Cousin Mellier is a little more of a master here than you."

"I know what Jacques Mellier is and what I am. You are but a farmhand here; only as such I consented to receive you. Remember this. I forewarn you, charitably—at the first improper word addressed to Mlle. Blanche you shall pack up and leave."

"I venture to hope, Mons. Pierre Rouvenat, that you will not be so presumptuous as to attempt to thwart my love for Mlle. Blanche."

"Ah, beware!"

"My intentions being honorable, I have nothing to conceal; I wish Blanche to be my wife."

"Yes, but Blanche does not wish you."

"We shall see about that!"

Trembling with rage, Rouvenat grasped the young man's arm, and, squeezing hard, said hoarsely:

"Neither you—do you hear?—neither you nor those who have already sued for her hand, nor those who my sue for it, shall ever be Blanche's husband."

"What care I for others? I have only myself in mind, and I do not see why Cousin Mellier should reject my suit. Am I not worth quite as much as she?"

"What do you mean?"

"She is no richer than I at present; and though she may count on a part of Cousin Mellier's fortune, father and I—with your leave, Mons. Rouvenat—we have claims on his fortune that are quite as tenable as hers!"

Rouvenat folded his arms, and, fixing on the young man his inflamed eyes, said in a restrained voice:

"You are at least frank. But, pooh! my fine fellow, I read your secret thoughts long ago. It is Jacques Mellier's fortune that your father covets. I understood it the first time both of you came here. Lucile has disappeared, Lucile is dead,' reasoned your worthy parent—'Seuillon is mine, all that Mellier possesses is mine.' And then, fearing that Jacques would bequeath all to Blanche, he came to the bright conclusion to make her *his boy's* wife! That is why you are at the farm, where I received you—much against my will, I confess, but in order not to oppose Jacques Mellier's wish, for he has so few wishes nowadays. But, mark me, my boy, as shrewdly as your father and you have made your nice calculations, they will never be realized. Blanche will not be your wife, and neither your father nor you will ever have one copper of Jacques Mellier's fortune. 'Tis I, Pierre Rouvenat, who tells you this!"

"I understand," replied the young man, with ill-disguised rage and grinding his teeth; "our *honest* Pierre Rouvenat will see that Jacques Mellier's will leaves us out in the cold."

"Pierre Rouvenat is answerable to no one for what he says or does; he lets things take their own course, and looks to the justice of God for everything!"

"Your justice is at least doubtful."

"What do you mean, Mons. Francois Parisel?"

"After all," continued the young man, passing all bounds, "perhaps you are not so disinterested as you like to appear. I daresay you have your designs. Well, well, we shall know in the end why you act as you do, and why you so generously make yourself the protector of a murderer's daughter."

At these words, which were a double outrage to Blanche and himself, Rouvenat felt ready to choke with fury. All his blood rushed bubbling to his head, and he staggered as if under a terrific blow. His features contracted frightfully, and, giving Francois a withering look, he cried in a piercing voice:

"Ah! wretch, hold your tongue! hold your tongue! Another word, and I'll not answer for myself!"

"I have no more to say," replied young Parisel in a sarcastic tone.

And he hastened away, fearing, no doubt, to feel the weight of the old man's hand upon his shoulder.

"Ah, serpent!" murmured Pierre huskily, "you have at last dropped your mask. But I have my eye on you; if you attempt to bite, I shall crush you!"

CHAPTER III.—THE OLD BEGGAR.

While Pierre Rouvenat gave Francois Parisel a piece of his mind in the courtyard, Blanche tripped nimbly and gayly through the meadows. She crossed the Sablouse, and, as it was her wont, began to gather the flowers along its bank. The insects buzzed, the birds fluttered in the trees, the soaring lark trilled its morning notes, and the breeze lavished its caresses upon all nature. Unconcerned and delighted, Blanche went on and on, the bouquet in her hand growing larger every moment, when suddenly she uttered a cry of surprise and fright, and stopped short.

A man had just started up before her, whose appearance was really not assuring. In one hand he held an enormous stick, in the other an old felt hat, stove in and shapeless, and which might have boasted of some color perhaps twenty years before. His sackcloth trousers, full of patches, were torn and soiled. A waistcoat with red strips was fastened in front by means of little strings that took the place of the lost buttons. He wore, besides, a round jacket of coarse maroon cloth, also full of rents, and around his neck, by way of a cravat, a woolen rag of a faded blue. His shoes were worn to the ground and full of slits, exposing his bare feet. A canvas bag, which appeared empty, hung by his side, held by a strap passed over his shoulder.

Long gray hair, almost white, fell to his shoulders, hiding his neck and a part of his weather-beaten and emaciated face, and mixed with the long matted beard, streaked with white hairs, that straggled over his broad chest. Nothing could be seen of his face but his high cheek-bones, the lower part of the forehead, furrowed with wrinkles, the broad nose, and the eyes, the strange brilliancy of whose whites gave them a singular expression. As for his age, it would have been difficult to determine it; but one might have made a conjuctre of three-score years and ten.

At the sight of this man, who had just interrupted her innocent occupation, Blanche's first impression was one of terror; and had it not been for the sudden emotion with which she was seized, and which held her as if riveted to the spot, she would have fled in all haste. But a feeling of curiosity immediately succeeded her fear; and on looking well at the old man, who was contemplating her with admiration, she saw at once that he had kindly and gentle eyes. She felt that he was unhappy, and her heart began to throb with compassion.

"I frightened you, my beautiful child," said the old man in a soft and trembling voice, approaching her slowly.

"I was so surprised at first," she replied.

"Yes; you did not expect to meet a poor wanderer like me here; and, then, my appearance is very apt to frighten a child that does not know me. I beg your pardon, mademoiselle. But reassure yourself; there is no harm in me."

"Oh, I can easily see that. Indeed, I believe you are very good, but unfortunate and unhappy."

"True, I am very unfortunate."

"And you beg?"

"I must, if I would keep from starving."

"How is it that I have never seen you? I know all the poor in this section."

"Ah! you know all the poor about here?" said the beggar, apparently deeply impressed. "That proves they often apply to you."

The young girl lowered her eyes, blushing.

"One has only to look at you, mademoiselle," continued the aged wanderer, "to see that you are as good as you are pretty. You do not know me because I have just arrived in this part of the country. I came from a long distance. While following the banks of the river this morning, I was overcome with fatigue, so I laid myself down in the grass under you old willow and went to sleep. I was just waking up when you appeared. I thought I saw an angel! You will surely bring some happiness in my old days, mademoiselle."

"Have you much further to go?"

"No, I'll soon be at the end of my journey."

"If you will come with me to the farmhouse which you see through the trees, you can rest an hour longer. You will be received there; there is always something to eat and drink for those in want. A good glass of wine will make you stronger to continue your journey."

"Thanks, my beautiful child, thanks; but I have not much further to go, and I am anxious to arrive."

The young girl thrust her hand in her pocket and drew out some small change, which she gave to the beggar, saying:

"That is all I can give you, for I have no more money about me."

"But I do not want to deprive the rest of your poor," he said, his eyes filling with tears.

"Oh! have no fear; when my money is exhausted I ask for more, and I always get it. If you ever pass this way again, you must come as far as the farmhouse."

"Do you live at the farm?"

"Undoubtedly, since I invite you to come there."

"I'll come," replied the beggar, with great emotion: "for to see you again will add another happy moment to my miserable existence."

"I shall look for you," said the lovely girl, who felt a growing sympathy for the aged stranger.

"Will you please tell me your name, mademoiselle?"

"Blanche."

"I shall always remember this pretty name and the beautiful young lady who bears it."

"And what is yours?" she queried.

"Mardoche."

"Have you no family at all, Mardoche?"

The old mendicant shook his head sorrowfully.

"Oh! I pity you with all my heart!" she cried. "But cheer up; you shall have friends at Seuillon. My father and godfather shall help you."

"Does the farm no longer belong to Mons. Jacques Mellier?"

"Oh, yes. Jacques Mellier is at Seuillon still. Do you know him?"

"No; but formerly, many years ago, I often heard him spoken of most flatteringly."

"He is my father."

"Your father?"

"Yes, since I am his daughter," she said, with a sweet smile.

The beggar raised his hand to his forehead, and appeared to reflect.

"If my memory does not deceive me," he resumed, "Mons. Mellier must be seventy-five years of age."

"Yes."

"And you, mademoiselle, you are scarcely sixteen.

"I am always taken for younger than I really am, because I am not large. But I am nineteen!"

"Nineteen," repeated the old man, as if speaking to himself. "You will excuse my apparent surprise and curiosity," he went on. "I knew, indeed, that Mons. Mellier had a charming daughter. It was also said that he was a widower. 'Tis true that these recollections date from afar. In any case, the Mlle. Mellier I refer to cannot be you, since it was some twenty years ago that she was your age."

"It was Lucile."

"Ah, yes, Lucile."

"Ah, yes, Lucile! I remember her name now."

An expression of profound sadness overspread the young girl's face.

"I never knew her," she said; "she was no longer at Seuillon when I was born. I learned only last year that Lucile had left the farm one day—I was not told why—and that she had never returned. They have not heard from her since; they do not know what has become of her; they believe she is dead."

The mendicant saw the large tears trickling down Blanche's cheeks, and he himself was violently agitated.

"Pardon me, mademoiselle," he said, "if I question you further; it makes me so happy to talk with you a moment. Is your mother with you at Seuillon?"

"Alas! no; it is the same with my mother as with Lucile; I never knew her. She died in giving birth to me."

"All this is very strange," thought the old man. Then he pursued aloud:

"There used to be an old servant at the farm —— worthy man, who was like a brother to Mons. Mellier."

"Do you mean Pierre Rouvenat?"

"Yes, yes. Pierre Rouvenat. Is he still living?"

"Yes, indeed! And my godfather has no desire to die, I assure you?"

"Ah! Pierre Rouvenat is your godfather?"

"Yes; and whenever you are in need of someone, of a man always ready to render a service, you can apply to him without fear. No matter what you ask of him, if it is just and he is able he will do it. My godfather!" she continued enthusiastically, "he is the best man in the world, the protector of the weak and helpless, the friend of all. Ever benevolent, generous and affectionate, he spends his life thinking of other people. Full of indulgence for all, he is severe only to himself."

"I need not ask you if you love your godfather."

"Oh, yes, I love him! But he is sad so often; and when I see him in that state, without knowing exactly why, I begin to weep in spite of myself. Then he takes me in his arms and wipes away my tears and kisses me. Oh, how he kisses me! He scolds himself for having made me weep. Oh, he is so fond of me, too! Sometimes—I can't explain it all—it seems to me that I love him more than my father. I know it's not a bit natural; but then my godfather is so good, so overflowing with tenderness for me! Look! Do you see that man yonder coming this way?"

"Yes, mademoiselle."

"It is he. He thinks I have been absent too long, so he is coming after me. He can't bear to have me out of his sight."

"Then go and join him, mademoiselle," said the beggar in a quivering voice, "and take with you old Mardoche's thanks for your kindness in being willing to speak to him."

"Do not forget your promise to come to the farm."

"Oh, I shall not fail to come!"

"Well, then, good-bye, Mardoche, for the present."

Having pressed the shriveled hand of the mendicant, Blanche left him quickly, and a moment later she was leaning on Rouvenat's arm.

"I did not recognize the man you were talking with," he said to her. "Who is he?"

"He does not belong to this part of the country; he told me that he came from quite a distance."

"Blanche," said Pierre gravely, "it is very imprudent to speak to people you do not know."

"Are you scolding me?"

"No; I am merely giving you advice. You are all-confiding, because you are goodness itself, and do not believe in evil. But, you see little one, there are, unfortunately, many wicked people in the world."

"That man is certainly not one of them. Besides, he is old, poor, and unhappy."

"Why did he not come to the house?"

"He is in a hurry to reach his destination. I gave him what little money I had about me."

"You did well."

"And you are not scolding me any more, my dear godfather?"

"Scolding you? Bless your dear heart, I am almost smothering you with kisses!"

CHAPTER IV.—THE RUINS.

Leaning on his stick, the old beggar went slowly down the river towards Civry. He thought of Blanche, and reflected.

"No, it's impossible!" he exclaimed, stopping abruptly; "the charming child I have just seen can't be Mellier's daughter. She told me she was nineteen. Now, nineteen years ago Jacques Mellier was a widower. No, no, she is not his daughter! Yet she calls him father. Pierre Rouvenat is her godfather. Isn't she rather the daughter of Lucile Mellier? Her mother died in bringing her into the world—at least, so they have told her. Lucile has disappeared. It is evident that they have concealed a part of the truth from her. Yes, there can be no doubt she is Lucile's daughteer—and poor Lucile is dead!"

He went on at a little quicker pace, but stopped again before he had proceeded much farther, with an anxious, troubled, hesitating look in his eyes, as if he were approaching his destination, and now feared to arrive too soon. He was in sight of the village of Civry, the houses of which were almost entirely hidden from him by a grove of poplars; but, above the green tops of the tall trees, the church-steeple, surmounted by the traditional cock, rose proudly against the sky.

His whole frame shook, he breathed hard, and something like a stifled sob could be heard in his throat. He soon recovered himself, however, and, throwing back his head suddenly with an energetic movement, as if ashamed of his weakness, he continued on with a firm and quickened step. He entered the village. A few peasants standing in their doorways eyed him curiously. But he took no heed of them, passing through the village without looking either to right or to left. When he stopped again he was at the other end of Civry, before the house, or rather what remained of the house, in which Jean Renaud the Wolf-hunter had lived so long ago. His stick fell from his hand, and for a moment he remained motionless, staring with mouth agape. Before him rose a pile of ruins, a heap of rubbish.

Some months after the death of Genevieve, Pierre Rouvenat, acting in the name of his infant goddaughter, had had all the furniture in the house sold; then the house itself was offered for sale, but no purchaser was found. In vain was the price lowered—no one wished the house in which Genevieve had died, and which had sheltered an assassin; for superstition still has deep root in the peasants of France, many of whom continue to believe in ghosts and all sorts of hideous hobgoblins. In short, the house remained untenanted, with its shutters closed, and Rouvenat soon ceased to concern himself about it. In time the rain beat the plaster from the walls, and ice and snow continued the work of destruction. One day the roof fell in, and the following year, on a stormy night, the whole of the upper portion of the building tumbled down, one wall dragging with it the beams and boards, another filling up the empty space with mortar and stones. And, since, no one had ever thought of touching the broken boards or blackened beams to be seen among the heaps of stones, amid which nettles shot up and brambles climbed.

The beggar glanced about him with a wild air, and, seeing that no one was in sight, approached the ruins slowly, with bowed head, and walked around them. What yet remained of the shutters was naught but rotten wood. The window-frames, with their broken panes, were in the same condition. He looked into the house through one of the windows opening on the country, and, as about the half-overthrown walls, he saw nothing but crumbled plaster, stones and broken boards. A hollow groan sprang from his breast. He gave another glance about him; then, quite sure that no one observed him, he climbed upon the window, burst it open with a blow of his shoulder, and sprang into the ruins. Rubbish and obstructions everywhere. In order to enter the other room he was obliged to turn aside a quantity of stones and plaster that barricaded the door. What did he hope for? Nothing. He wanted to see. And he did, as before, heaps of rubbish and devastation. He fell upon his knees, and, with his head in his hands, wept and sobbed like a child. He remained long in this attitude. At last he rose with a strange glitter in his eyes, murmuring:

"Oh! I must know all—all!"

He returned to the other room in order to go out as he had entered; but suddenly he started, and his bent body appeared to grow erect. His eyes wandered slowly about him, while he seemed to make a mental calculation. Then, with his arm extended, and looking down, he said:

"It's there!" And without stopping longer he left the house, adding: "'Tis well; I'll come back if necessary."

Whereupon he looked up at the sky, heaved a sigh, and moved away from the ruins, intending to return to the centre of the village.

CHAPTER V.—SORROW AND JOY.

But Mardoche did not go far. Seeing an open door and an old woman alone in the house spinning, he went in, saying in that doleful and querulous voice which all beggars know so well how to assume:

"Charity, please, my good dame."

The old woman raised her head, and the wheel stopped.

"You apply at the wrong door, poor man," she replied. "I can give you nothing. I'm probably older than yourself, and have to scrape for my own daily bread; but, God be praised, there are richer folks than me hereabouts; you won't knock at their doors in vain."

"I am ready to drop with exhaustion," murmured the beggar. "Will you allow me to rest a while under your roof?"

"I'd have to be a very wicked woman to refuse you that. There's a stool; sit down."

He took the seat, and the wheel began to turn again. But the noise made by this little machine, which is moved by the foot, is quite soft, and by no means prevents the person using it from carrying on a conversation.

"You look very old; what is your age?" asked the spinster.

"Old I am, indeed—so old that I really don't know my age," he replied.

"Do you belong to this vicinity?"

"No, my good dame; I come from afar."

"What, then, brings you to us?"

"When one is old and miserable like me, living on the charity of good souls, and with legs still strong enough to carry one about, every country belongs to one, and one goes at random, not knowing where, under the protection of the Almighty.

"Have you, then, no family?"

"Alas! no. However, I wandered towards this section of the Comte with the hope of finding someone, an old comrade, a friend. If I understood what they told me at Fremicourt, which place I passed through this morning, Civry is the name of this village."

"Yes, my worthy man, you are at Civry."

"The old comrade I spoke of belonged to Civry."

"Ah!"

"I must tell you that I was a soldier in Africa. Ah! that was long, long ago. I am one of those who captured the famous Arabian chief Abd-el-Kadir. It was in the regiment in Africa that we knew each other. He saved my life one day, and a little later it was my turn to prevent a Bedouin from cutting off his head. After that, you see, we were like brothers, and we parted as such. We have never seen each other since. And I came here feeling quite sure that, if my comrade in war still existed, he would give me a little corner in his house and a little place at his table."

"What is the name of your old friend?"

"Jean Renaud."

The wheel stopped short, and the distaff fell into the old woman's lap.

"Blessed St. Ann!" she exclaimed.

"What ails you, my good dame?"

"What name just came from your lips?"

"My old comrade's—Jean Renaud."

The aged dame crossed herself as if to conjure down some imaginary danger; then she said in a slow and grave voice:

"You have made a very useless journey, my poor man; you won't find the one you seek, for Jean Renaud is no more."

"My God, he is dead?"

"Yes, thank the Lord!"

"Why do you say that?"

"Because Jean Renaud was an assassin and a highway robber."

"Heavens! what do I hear! Jean Renaud an assassin! Jean Renaud a highway robber! Impossible! I knew him too well to believe that."

"Yet it's the truth, my dear man; and the proof is that the murdered man is buried in the cemetery at Fremicourt, and that Jean Renaud was arrested, indicted ——"

"And finally guillotined?"

"No. He broke away from the gendarmes that were taking him to the prison at Vesoul, and, after a hot chase, was shot and drowned in the river."

"Oh, the unfortunate man!"

"You may well say the unfortunate man, and also the wretch! It was at night, on the very road you passed over in coming to Civry, Jean Renaud lay in wait for the man and shot him dead. All that is quite forgotten to-day; there is scarce a soul hereabouts who recollects Jean Renaud, the assassin. But my memory is good; I remember all. And, besides, I have no reason for concealing it—I was very fond of his wife."

The eyes of the mendicant sparkled.

"True," he said in a quivering voice, "Jean Renaud was married."

"To a good woman. Genevieve was right smart, honest, industrious, and economical, and she almost doted on the husband who was so little deserving of her."

"And does she still live in Civry?"

"Who? Genevieve?"

"Yes, Genevieve, Jean Renaud's wife."

"Genevieve is dead," said the old woman sadly, shaking her head.

"Dead, dead!" repeated the wanderer in a choked voice, half rising to his feet. But he sank back at once upon his seat again.

The aged spinster looked at her visitor, but did not comprehend; to be sure, she could not divine the real cause of his violent emotion.

"I'm not telling you a very gay story," she resumed.

"Oh, it is very, very sad!"

"Believe me or not, as you will, although this affair occurred a very long time ago, when I speak of it, or merely think of it, it makes me shudder still."

"So the poor wife died long ago?"

"Ah, the scoundrel he killed her, too!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

"WHAT'S NEXT?"

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JOHN M. MACDONALD.

Two sailors just home from a voyage,
With plenty of gold at command,
Went into a juggler's show
To see him perform sleight of hand.

The one had a large parroquet,
Which he had brought home for a friend—
'Twas a very talkative bird,
But whose speech would often offend.

Our heroes were very much pleased;
At each feat their eyes were perplex'd,
And Jack would remark unto Bill,
"Very good—I wonder what's next?"

Soon an interruption occurs
Which all their amusement destroys—
A spark in the chemicals flew,
Which "went off" with a terrible noise.

The fakir went out through the roof,
Close followed by poor Jack and Bill,
While all that remained of the show
Would scarce a tobacco-pipe fill.

The parrot escap'd with his life—
Of his remarks this is the text:
Said he, with a comical leer:
"Very good—I wonder what's next?"

GIPSY'S LAST RIDE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ETTIE ROGERS.

Seven times tried that judgment is
That did never choose amiss.
—THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

A steady, heavy rain had fallen all through the Summer-night. The storm was over, yet big, infrequent drops splashed down from a few thin, opaline clouds that scudded across a sky of torquoise blue already tinged with the saffron and rose tints of dawn. The songs of larks and the odors of drenched trees and blossoms filled the air.

It was abroad early that morning, with my dog and my gun, traversing all the tangled paths about Silver Spray Cascades, searching with eager assiduity for a young Asiatic lion which had escaped from a traveling menagerie, to ravage every flock on the hillsides and every fold in the valleys, and for whose tawny hide a munificent reward had been offered. I had tracked the beast by a trail delicately dented by the impress of velvety, feline feet, and marked by stains of blood, to a clump of elder-bushes that had dropped a myriad of milk-white flowers upon the long, lush grass of a pretty, obscure nook not far from a quiet road, and shaded by great sumachs that tossed their long emerald branches restlessly, as if protesting against the burden of bones that lay about their naked roots. I had certainly found the lair of the fugitive prince of the jungle; but his predatory highness was tantalizingly invisible.

Heartily disappointed, I walked slowly and sullenly towards the highway, my gun on my shoulder, my poor, assassinated hound shrinking behind me. I cannot exactly remember what my precise cogitations were at that particular moment. But perhaps people who have the knack of expressing the most unpleasant emotions in the most pleasant phrases would say that my unuttered and guessed ejaculations were highly profane. Ah, well! I know that those who most fear censure are most censorious.

I stalked very disconsentedly through a hedge of sweet-briar that closed behind me with a sweet, sudden shower of white, scented blossoms, and so came upon the lonely highway. A strange sound stopped me. It was not the plashing of waves on the river rocks I heard. It was not the high wind wrenching apart the branches of the forest-trees. It was the dull, swift, distant thud of the steel-shod hoofs of an approaching horse galloping madly over the wet sand of the misty road. And then, around a curve in the dreary highway, under the black shadows of the mourning pines, flashed a horse and rider ghostly in the gray dawn.

"White as snow their armor was;
Their steeds were white as snow."

The quotation occurred to me with a superstitious thrill as the horse and rider dashed towards me through the mist-like phantoms.

I had no time to observe anything except that the beast was panting and flecked with foam, and that the rider was reeling in the saddle, when, like spectres, they rushed past me. The next instant I heard a shrill cry of mortal agony, and my hound whined dolefully.

I hurried down the road, and saw the white horse lying on the sand in the shadows of the poplars and pines. The exhausted beast had fallen with his burden. There lay dead the pretty white Arabian mare, her silvery sides smutched with the stains of the wet, yellow sand, a woman evidently dying, lying moaning against the saddle.

The growing splendor of the morning vivified this sad, singular picture of dissolution; and as the broad, reddening rays flashed trough the trees, I saw that the stranger woman was surpassingly handsome, and that she wore a snowy garb, curiously and mournfully fantastic, considering the place and time, and that she clasped in her convulsive arms a little, apprehensive child, who wore a fanciful dress of pale, cloudy gauze. As I bent over the melancholy group, the dying woman turned towards me a long look that, although keen, was piteous and prayerful.

"Ah, *mon Dieu!* Ah, *mon ami!*" she ejaculated with a melodious foreign accent, "it is no dream, is it, that you have come to me in my despairing, and will be my good, one friend? You are but a boy yet—and are not the young always merciful and to be trusted with the sorrows of the sorrowful? You will take my pretty, poor Sibylla, and keep her always, will you not? She is one bonny, little mademoiselle, to be loved much and scolded never. Rest her not at all, and give her but one crust and a small shelter, and of kindness just a word, and she will have for you one grand affection. Will you take her, my darling homeless, my baby with friends not at all?"

I glanced toward the little creature, who was cowering and sobbing on her mother's breast. She was a sort of juvenile Titania, with fairy form and features, a peculiarly colorless complexion, a cloud of coppery golden curls, and with brows, lashes and big, wistful eyes, wonderfully and strikingly dark.

"Sibylla shall be my sister, if she will come," I promised, half fancying that I was speaking in a dream that would vanish with the mists of the morning.

"You will forget not you have promised?" said the dying stranger. "You will forget never?"

"Never," I assured her, with an earnestness that seemed to me to be incited by some emotion that was not wholly mine—that in some way was unreal, or premonitory of what I should have felt had I been allowed time to think and deliberate.

With a jargon of gratitude she pushed the child towards me, and then suddenly, with desperate haste, tore a broad bandage from her side, from which the warm, red blood gushed and babbled, staining all her fantastic white drapery and drenching the yellow sand upon which the next moment she was lying dead. I knew then that I was standing face to face with not only some saddest mystery, but with some mysterious and most foul wrong also. Nevertheless, years and years passed by, the dead woman slept peacefully in the grave made for her by stranger hands, Sibylla had become a beautiful young lady, and the mystery remained a mystery still.

From her childhood the girl had manifested a peculiar affection for horses and a remarkable mastery over them. Many a time, when missed for hours from the farmhouse, she would be discovered riding bareback through the lanes and meadows, leaping fences and hedges upon some shy, unbroken colt, whose tender mouth had never been outraged by the cruel bit. But she was too bright and winsome, too lovable and loving, for one to reprove her for her decidedly singular and perhaps dangerous, if not boyishly unwomanly, proclivity.

"You will be killed one of these days, Gipsy, if you persist in your peculiar amusement, that is not at all becoming for a young lady of your age," I said to her once. "Why are you so fond of horses, my dear?"

She regarded me for a moment with piteous, pensive eyes.

"How can I tell? How can I know?" she responded at last thoughtfully. "The fancy is part of my nature, I suppose. One person has a passion for one sort of thing, another for another. I have a passion for riding, and I cannot help it."

"I must get you a suitable animal," I answered gravely.

And the next morning I brought her a handsome and valuable young mare. She gave the animal one quick, critical look, and then laughed gayly.

"I should be grateful, and I am, Raymond," she remarked presently. "You are only always too kind to me; but I decline the gift of this pretty beast."

"She is quite safe," I ventured to observe.

Gipsy smiled mockingly.

"She is altogether *too* safe," announced the girl; "the only kind of horse I care to ride is the one that I can conquer. Give me Black Mogul."

Black Mogul was a vicious stallion, which was just then pawing up the gravel and snorting impatiently, as if his neck "was clothed with thunder and he smelled the battle afar off."

"Give me him, Raymond," persisted Sibylla. "Him I like. He is magnificent. His limbs are slender and strong, and his hoofs are like polished ebony. Ah! he is a thoroughbred, with his thin, silky mane and small, nervous ears. And look at his eyes—he has in them *diabolerie*, has he not? I mean to ride him at the races."

"Gipsy, are you crazy?" I demanded almost sternly; "I shall not permit you to ride at the races at all—neither Black Mogul nor any other horse."

Sibylla's handsome cheeks flushed hotly, and she suddenly turned and walked away from me without a word of reply. That night she disappeared, and whither she had gone I could only conjecture. For months I searched for my willful runaway, and during that time I accidentally learned the secret of the mystery that I had believed to be forever buried in the grave of her dead mother. I at length found Sibylla acting as an equestrienne in a traveling hippodrome. She seemed scared and sorrowful, but certainly not relenting, when she saw me.

"I will not go back, Raymond," she said firmly. "Riding is my passion and my profession. If you attempt to take me awry against my inclinations, I will marry Monsieur Leroux. No one can take me from a husband."

I could only stare at her and shudder.

"It is from that man I have come to take you, Gipsy," I said. "Has no instinct ever warned you who he is?"

"I know he is the finest equestrian in the world, and that he says he loves me. He certainly wishes to marry me," she returned half defiantly.

"May God help you, my poor child," I panted, scarcely knowing how to phrase the horrible truth that I knew I must tell her if I would save her. "Gipsy, my darling Sibylla, Monsieur Leroux is your own father. When your mother, with you in her arms, fled through that stormy midnight on horseback, she bore in the heart that her husband had broken by his brutality the fatal knife-thrust he had dealt her in one of his moments of crazy, murderous passion. Must I tell you the whole bitter story of shame and suffering, darling? I have the proofs of it all, Sibylla. Your mother was known as the circus-rider Madame Leroux, and from her you inherited your fatal fancy for her profession. Come home with me, Gipsy. For your sake, that man will be left to the punishment of his own conscience and the Great Avenger."

I could not comprehend the mute, expressionless calm with which my handsome Gipsy listened to me. I knew, however, that she believed me.

"I will go with you, Raymond," she replied in a strange, steady, hard voice; "but I must have my last ride first."

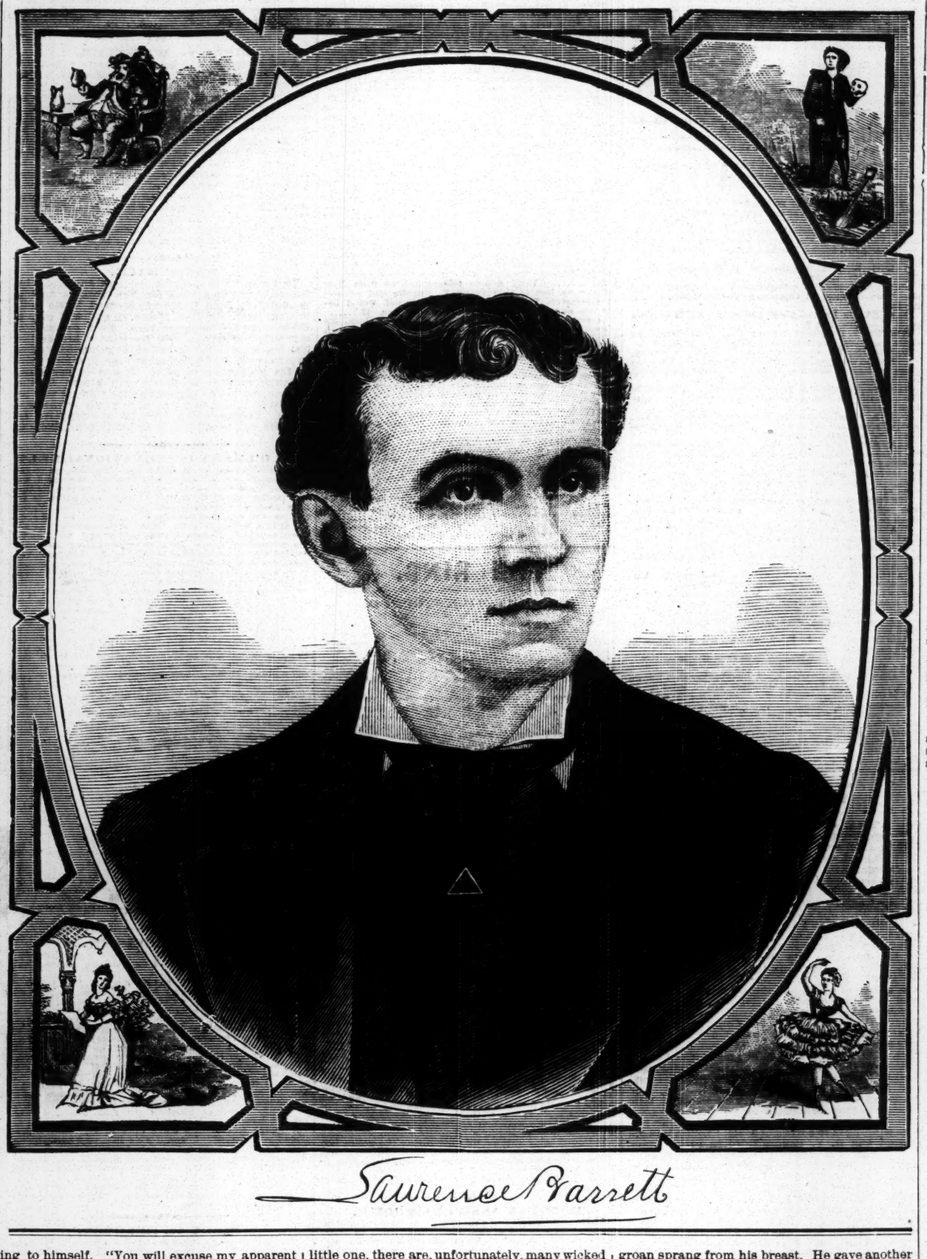
A few minutes later she was dashing round the ring on one of the trained wonders of the hippodrome—an airy, elfish figure in silver gauze, with a cloud of golden curls, a ghostly white face, and eyes that blazed like black diamonds beneath jetty brows and lashes. Her horse was as black as night, and evidently more mettlesome and unmanageable than was either safe or desirable.

"Be cautious," I heard someone say warningly, as she flashed by close where I was standing.

I knew the man instantly, instinctively. I knew the sinewy shape, the sinister countenance. He was Monsieur Leroux. I glanced at Gipsy. Her cheeks were pallid, her hands trembling. Her whole aspect was intensely and unprofessional. Just then the black horse, with red nostrils and fierce eyes, reared on his haunches, swerved aside, and then bounded forward with a wild snort, dashed headlong over a hurdle, and fell.

I knew how it all had happened. My handsome Gipsy, reckless in her sudden agony, had forgotten her skill, and had maddened and frightened the animal by some heedless act. And there she lay almost at my feet—my beautiful darling—quite, quite dead.

It was indeed her last ride, and I bore back to my home—a home to be lonely forevermore—only a burden of cold, lovely, pulseless human clay.



Lawrence Barrett

LAWRENCE BARRETT,

who is a native of this city, made his debut on the stage in Detroit, Mich., in the Athenæum, under the management of E. T. Sherlock, about 1854 or 1855. After acting in the West for a short time, he came to this city and secured an engagement in the Chambers-street Theatre, formerly occupied by Burton. He was engaged as one of a company to support Mrs. Dennis MacMahon, an amateur, who had leased the theatre. She opened it Jan. 19 1857, and closed Feb. 14 following. Mr. Barrett created such a favorable impression that he was engaged by W. E. Burton for his new theatre (formerly the Metropolitan and Laura Keene's Varieties, and subsequently the Winter Garden), where he opened March 2, playing Matthew Bates in "Time Tries All." He continued there the remainder of that season and during that of 1857-8. He next went to Boston, Mass., where he was first engaged at the Museum at the opening of the season of 1858-9, and subsequently he played in the Howard Athenæum. While so engaged at this theatre the Civil War broke out, and Mr. Barrett left the stage, joined the Twenty-eighth Massachusetts Regiment as a captain, and accompanied it to the field. After serving a time he returned to Boston, where he resumed his profession. During the season of 1863-4 he became comanager with Lewis Baker and Dan Setchell of the Varieties Theatre, New Orleans, La., from which he retired in the Spring of 1864. Having secured the right to play "Rosedale," he started out as a star for the season of 1864-5, and met with such gratifying success that he has continued to play star engagements until the present time, save at intervals, which will be hereafter referred to. In the Summer of 1866 he visited England in the hope of getting an opening in London; but, failing to do so, he returned here and resumed starring. The following year he again visited London, where he remained six nine months without accomplishing his wishes, and after fulfilling a short engagement in Liverpool he came back in November, 1867, and shortly thereafter sailed for San Francisco, Cal. He opened in Maguire's Opera-house Feb. 17, 1868, and played eleven weeks. His success was phenomenal, and he was pronounced one of the best actors that had ever played there. On July 19 he began a second engagement of three weeks' duration, January 18, 1869, the new Bush-street Theatre (now the California), which had been built for Mr. Barrett and John McCullough, was formally dedicated, Mr. Barrett delivering the opening address, after which the comedy of "Money" was acted, in which Mr. Barrett did not appear, John McCullough playing Alfred Evelyn. In May, 1869, the managers transferred their lease to a company of stockholders, and thereafter received a stated salary per week for their services. After retiring from the management, he came East and resumed starring. He has played in such engagements in this city in Niblo's Garden and in Booth's Theatre. In the last-named he was engaged to support Edwin Booth, and on the Saturday nights during that term he appeared as the star attraction in plays from his own repertory. For several years past he has toured the country with his own combination, and he is to commence a season in Abbey's

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1880.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

[For answers to amusement questions, see first page of "Theatrical Record."]

☞ QUESTIONS THAT DO NOT REACH THIS OFFICE UNTIL MONDAY MORNING WILL NOT BE ANSWERED UNTIL THE FOLLOWING WEEK.

R. W., Chicago; BILLY, Detroit; FRANK W., Burlington; READER, Selma; INQUIRER, Oswego; Waffle; R. E. C., Toledo; St. Louis; J. H., Albany; F. E. O., St. Joseph; W. H. F., Boston; T. K., Cleveland; E. C. H., Buffalo; J. A. F., Utica; CONSTANT READER, Columbus; Two Bettors, Pearl River; W. H. G., Topeka; T. H. P., Rome; C. N. C., Jacksonville; F. J. M., Syracuse; WEEKLY READER, Boston; C. D. W., Lafayette; CURIOUS, Abington; H. B., Troy; C. W., Ogdensburg; J. H. H., Rochester; S. F. T., Cumberland; M. R., Pittsburg; R. P., Troy; READER, Yonkers; Ed. H., Rome; ELECTION, Boston.—See answer to "J. D. B., Allentown."

STEADY READER, Sacramento; FRIENDS, San Francisco; D. R. M., Sonora; D. D., Troy; A. and B., San Antonio; W. S. H. C., Erie; T. W. H., St. Louis; INQUIRER, Yreka; E. J., Fresno City; G. B. P., Oroville; D. and S., Marysville; CONSTANT READER, Atlanta; E. F. S., El Dorado; H. W. G., Sacramento; CALIFORNIAN, Napa; SIX TO ONE, Denver; J. S., Bridgeport; A. R. C., Clinton; T. N. F., Terre Haute; Ed. H., Indianapolis; W. E. C., Hannibal; C. D., Toronto; A. H. D., Kalamazoo.—See answer to "C. S. W., New Castle."

D. W., Bloomington.—We could not declare the bet off. When once a bet of honor has been made, without a putting-up of stakes or any provision for the putting-up, it remains a bet of honor to the end, unless the two bettors subsequently agree to make stakes. This is as to ninety-nine bets out of a hundred. Where a bet is made between strangers, and where "wiechers" abound, there is a special rule permitting a man who has made a bet to withdraw, if he will and can, at any time before the start of the race, and if the other side refuses to put up the party who called for the stakes can declare the bet off. This special rule cannot apply to bets elsewhere, and on other events than those peculiar to the trotting turf. It is not even a rule of the running turf. The practice is, however, here to concede that the *bona fides* are gentlemen. Jerome Park, for example, goes farther, and expressly declares that, "if there is no stipulation when the bet is made for the deposit of stakes, they cannot be demanded afterwards." This declaration is really unnecessary. It is common sense. Even the rule of the trotting turf applies only to bets entered into upon the course. People who bet elsewhere on trots are supposed to know their men.

R. F. G., Troy.—The "last six brooms" and "the six last brooms" may both be proper. For example, "the last six" may mean the last half-dozen of a given lot, while "the six last" may mean that, from the beginning to the last of a lot, there having been six lots altogether. Finally, whether there is one lot or there are six lots, grammarians have never been altogether agreed that "the last six" in itself means anything more or less than "the six last." The bulk of them, however, are in favor of "the last six" when it is intended to convey the idea that the last six spoken of are the last half-dozen of a lot, and so is THE CLIPPER.

WADE, Savannah.—I. Gen. Shields was wounded twice during the Mexican War—one ball going through his lung and another entering his stomach. He "survived the same" longer in one case than in the other, as one wound was received at the Battle of Cerro Gordo, and the other at the Battle of Chapultepec. 2. He died at Ottumwa, Iowa, June 1, 1879. 3. He was a private citizen when he died. He had, however, in January, 1879, been elected by the Missouri Legislature to serve out the unexpired term of the deceased Senator Bogg—a term of six weeks. 4 Bill Poole was shot in the left breast, the ball striking the heart on Feb. 25, 1855, and died on the following March 8.

ONE OF THE TWELVE.—There is no limitation to prosecutions for murder—in the case of the murder of the very biggest, is to be explained in this way. Suppose that, on common law, a man or woman who is not heard of by wife or husband in seven years is presumed to be dead. The statutes in our States the period varies from three years upwards. In this State it is "five years." In case either party marries again, the marriage is not bigamous with the exception of the party who has been absent; but there can be no action for bigamy unless it can be proved that the one who contracted it was aware that the first husband or wife was living at the time.

R. H. W.—Whether the Electoral vote of Georgia is counted for Hancock or not has no bearing upon the wagers, which were based upon the popular election of Nov. 2, and not, for example, upon the chance that Hancock would die before the Electoral College met, by which event he would certainly not get 149 Electoral votes, even if his ticket had on Nov. 2 carried every State in the Union. Apart from that, the wagers would have been cast behindtime before, and have been counted. Georgia may be happy yet, especially as it makes no difference to the Democratic ticket if Electoral vote is counted or not.

J. A. B., San Antonio.—There is no such thing as waiting until all the cards are played, then running in, hand over hand, counting and calling out. On that principle, the man with the fewer cards in his hand would probably win; and assuredly the rearlier party is simply arithmetical would win. When the call-out game is played, there can be no looking back at cards beyond the last trick taken in, and each player is supposed, when he gets even the last trick, to carry his count in his head, and to call out, if at all, before the last trick is lifted.

C. H., Jackson.—[Organ] cut Tolt threw out the vote of Florida in 1868. It was cast for Grant and Colfax. A loser. 2 The Electoral votes of States *have* been thrown out at third party. Last year the vote of Louisiana in 1876, it was resolved by Congress, should not be counted if the counting of it would defeat Grant and Colfax. One branch of Congress refused to count the vote of Louisiana in 1822, and both branches voted to throw out the vote of Louisiana in that year.

D. C., Indiana.—No replies by mail. The official vote for the head of the Hancock ticket in Kings County was 61,062, while in that county it was 123,015. The official vote in Kings county for the head of the Garfield ticket was 61,591, and in this county it was 81,733. New York City and New York County are one and the same, but included in the vote of Kings County are Long Island and an area count 12 Brooklyn proper. If you require "a bill of items," you will have to address the Secretary of State, Albany, N. Y.

C. C. W., Milwaukee.—The "Constitution" of which you can be construed as meaning either next above or next below. The answer the amateur keeper made was rendered possible by a change of punctuating that was indicated by a dash. Had the latter not believed that A was high, he would not have put the question in that shape; and if A had been high, the former would not have put the question that he did. If D had asked "Who is next below A?" there would have been no misunderstanding.

C. S., Troy.—In casting the vote for the Secretary of State, as you state, you barred the vote for the head of the ticket, and made it that you cannot indicate that without anything to the Secretary of State of Ohio for the official figures, which you can do. It is odd that the vote for the head of the ticket should have been counted and declared still that you should wait until two months after the election in Ohio before asking us to decide a bet for you.

A. B., Iowa.—Your statement is not sufficiently clear. A similar case that the game did not end until the play which won it was completed. In your case the inning terminated in a tie with the putting out of the batsman not reaching to touch third base, and the home-run consequently does not count. 2. George Wright is at liberty to play in a match at time, and can be engaged for it.

D. C., Washington.—John C Heman's chest-measurement was 44½ inches. When he fought Sayers he weighed 175lb., and when he met King his weight was 195lb. Tom Sayers' regular fighting weight was 152lb, but he is said to have scaled 161lb the morning he fought Heenan. Cannot give you his chest-measurement.

B., Natick.—I. James A. Garfield did not vote on the proposition to make General Shields doorkeeper of the House of Representatives. 2. See table for the purpose of building opponent's six to ten.

GEORGE AND JOHN, Cleveland.—The highest card in cutting for deal at euchre is the highest card in the game about to be played—jack.

REARER, Bayport.—The man who was first to throw after him is the first round ought to be the first man to do it in the second.

FATTY, Baltimore.—So far as we can catch the drift of the statement submitted, there can be no answer except that it must take the cards as called for.

C. F., Centreville.—England and France proclaimed war against Russia on March 28, 1854, peace was concluded in April, 1856, and the allies quit Russia in July following.

F. B. F., Youngstown.—The American News Company, 39 and 41 Chambers street, New York, are our wholesale agents for THE ALMANAC.

E. C., Lafayette.—We gave the approximate figures last week, under the heading of "Managers Vote." We do not know what you mean.

SUBSCRIBER.—When there is a call at poker, the caller says into the pack placed called must keep their hands, if anybody connected with the game wishes to see either.

G. C. S., Danville.—It is optional with A to take the deal himself or make B deal again. No replies by telegraph or mail.

R. E. D., Toronto.—There are more Methodists in Ontario, Canada, than there are of any other religious denomination, we believe.

L. G. C., Chicago.—We do not believe that there have been any bets. If there have been, the change of date caused all bets to be off. See rule 2, Dec. 4.

BILLIARDS.—It was known to us some time ago who is to be the referee, and a matter like that ought not to be known in advance to anybody.

S., Leechburg.—The time of the race between Hanlan and Elliott was 21m. 1s.; that between Hanlan and Hawdon, 20m. 19s.

C. M. S., Montgomery.—The cheapest way would be to have them made in some saw and planing mill in your own city.

A. C. B., St. John.—The postponement not having gone beyond the week, the bet stands, under boat-racing law. Your date of Nov. 30 is wrong.

PLUCK, Bristol.—The boat in which Hanlan rowed against Trickett was built at Toronto, Ont., and was 30ft. 6in. in length.

D. AND R., Pittsburg.—There are not only more Roman Catholics in the world than Methodists, but there are more Roman Catholics than Protestants of all kinds.

W., Chicago.—If you bet that "New York would go twenty-thousand for Garfield," nothing being said as to majority, you win.

ACCOUNTANT, Augusta.—1. No record is kept of the time made by graythounds. 2. Their speed is not equal to that of first-class racehorses.

G. W. J., San Francisco.—There are no charges, we do not answer privately, and publicly we have been answering for weeks that California has gone Democratic.

J. H. B., Wyoming.—1. Unless the party who holds the four fives is the dealer, those cards count but 28 with a jack named up. 2. Three nines and an ace count 12.

E., San Francisco.—California went Democratic, although not necessarily because a majority of the Electors chosen were Democrats.

FICK SLIP.—The ball sent off the table is to be spotted. The striker counts the ball he holed on the same stroke, and plays on. Tisdale is to "touch."

C. J. F., Buffalo.—1. C. A. C. loses. 2. The advertisement in a space of forty lines would cost twelve dollars for two insertions.

A. R.—That player was winner of the game who stood at 50 good to the other's 37 and a "scratch." It was not necessary to count the remaining ball.

D. L., Petosky.—The majority of the Garfield ticket in this State was 7,066, and its plurality over the Hancock ticket was 21,033.

A. H. BARTON, Newark.—1. Hyer defeated Sullivan at Rock Point, Kent Co., Md., in 1849. 2. The circumstances of the case were that Hyer was the better man of the two, and Sullivan's backers, not being posted, bet quite even twenty miles in one hour. See CLIPPER ALMANAC for best performances.

C. S. W., New Castle.—A wins one-half his bets. The Hancock ticket carried New Jersey, California and Nevada.

C. J. V., Milwaukee.—According to the statement submitted, he was beaten through whose a neglect someone else made pool.

C. H., St. Louis.—1. William H. Vanderbilt owns Maud S. 2. St. Julien is owned by Messrs. Morrow and Hickok. The latter is his driver.

G. B.—1. The opener of the jack-pot needed to show only the two kings. 2. The dealer at poker is not permitted to tell how many cards anybody received but himself.

C. T. J., Albany.—Were they not not interesting to the general reader we would be of your opinion.

DECLINED.—"Down Where the Woodbine Twineth," "Huttah for Charles Stewart."

SINCE '68, New Britain.—The translation of "The Blonde Siren" is not published in book-form.

X. Z. A., Ellsworth.—Address Woolen Fabric Company, 51 Cedar street, New York.

E. SMITH, Long Hill.—Hanlan weighed 152lb and Trickett 173lb at the time of their match.

DEFIANCE B. B. CLUB, Philadelphia.—A loses. Tilden was not in nomination at the Cincinnati Convention.

C. B. D., Newport.—A loses. Not having specified the city, he is to be held to have meant the State.

No SIGNATURE.—The jack beats the ace in cutting for deal at euchre. The highest euchre-card deals.

BLANEY, Montreal.—A wins. Every ball had to be knocked by a spectator.

SUBSCRIBER, Baltimore.—A loses both bets. The Garfield ticket did not get a majority in Indiana.

NO SIGNATURE.—A loses in every instance where he contracted to bet.

M. O. K., Danielsonville.—High wins in cutting for deal, and at auction-pitch the ace is high.

J. F. H., Wilkesbarre.—It is played in both ways—to close on five cards, and also to close on six.

A. S. R., Montgomery.—The reply to answer to "D. L., Petosky."

L. A. J., Allegheny.—Unless otherwise stipulated, sixes are high at poker-dice and aces are low.

JAS. HUDSON.—Maud S., in a tot against time at Chicago, Ill., Sept. 18 last, made a mile in 2:09¼.

GEO. H. GUEST, Yarmouth.—Trickett the sculler is not a one-legged man.

H. D., Hamilton.—It a failed to do that which he bet he could do, he loses.

THOS. JEWELL, Danville.—You will find the time among the records in the CLIPPER ALMANAC.

K. A., Fall River.—The match between Trickett and Joe Sadler was avowedly for the championship of the world.

C. G.—The hands of 7, 8, 5, 3, 5 and 4, there is a run of four for the player of the 4.

LOUISVILLE, KY.—See answer to "National Vote" in last week's paper.

H. S. N. Attleboro.—There cannot be 20 in four sevens and an ace at cribbage without there being also 24.

PHILADELPHIA.—Sexton played Vignaux in 1876. The score was 600 to 459.

J. K. P., Napa.—No replies by mail. The Hancock tickes carried California.

J. D. B., Allentown.—A lost all four bets. The majority for the Garfield ticket in this State was 7,068.

NIEBUSARA.—The ace of trumps turned out at sanchopedro is high, low, jack, game, sancho and pedro.

M. T. F., Baltimore.—John Sherman, Secretary of the Treasury, was a Whig prior to 1856.

S. AND D., Trenton.—This is not the first time the Electoral vote of a State has been split.

R. E. J., Illinois.—1. Maud S. has trotted in 2:11¼. 2. It is not a record.

R. R.—Yankee Sullivan was defeated by John Morrissey in the only ring fight in which he was ever engaged.

H. KNOLLY, Allegheny.—Paddy Ryan the pugilist was born in Ireland March 15, 1853.

F. E. N., Burlington.—Read notice at head of Dramatic Summary.

J. E. B., Trenton.—The Garfield ticket got no majority in Indiana, Nevada or California.

KNIGHT OF THE IRON HORSE.—The correct expression is "Train No. — will lie at — until No. — arrives."

H. W.—The statement is not sufficiently detailed and explicit to warrant our forming an opinion.

A SUBSCRIBER.—1. See notice in our athletic department. 2. Address Edward Hanlan, Toronto, in care of this office.

R. P. C., Buffalo.—There is in 6, 1, 5, 2, 3, 4, a run of six for the 4.

INQUISITANTS, Richmond.—The President's salary is $50,000 a year.

A. B. M., Freeport.—The ace of hearts, when led at forty-five, calls for trump only.

INQUIRER, Elgin.—1. It is so thought. 2. Dexter's best time is 2:17¼.

F. L. C., Harlem.—There is no "scratch" or other penalty for sending an object-ball off the table at ball pool.

CONSTANT READER, Brooklyn.—See account in our annual department of the College of Our Lengths.

T. P. C., Ft. Laramie.—Tom Allen was beaten by Jim Mace the only time they ever fought.

READER, Des Moines.—Await THE CLIPPER ALMANAC.

T. N. C., Philadelphia.—Vignaux has played in America.

C. S.—Call on Segee, Jerome Park, Kingsbridge, Allen.

B. O. H., Sagetown.—Dominion-day in Canada is July 1.

W. H., Lockport.—See answers in amusement columns.

J. M. C., Hartford.—Address Capt. Paul Boyton, Coney Island.

B. W., Georgetown.—A loses. See "D. L., Petrosky."

JEFF. W., Toronto.—Address Currier & Ives, this city.

LUCKA, Utica.—Address Mr. Ellis, Albany, N. Y.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—We know of no such company.

SUBSCRIBER, Pittsburg.—See "B., San Francisco."

C. F. S., Brooklyn.—Address Mr. Ellis, Albany, N. Y.

READER, St. Catherines.—See report in this issue.

W. L. C., Colchester.—See "J. D. B., Allentown."

J. A. B., Montgomery.—A loses. See "D. L., Petrosky."

W. D., Lincoln.—See "D. L., Petrosky." A wins.

BETTOR, Cleveland.—See "H. D. C., Cincinnati."

H. F., Elizabeth.—The author of "Ben Bolt" is dead.

J. J. C., Taunton.—The Hancock bettor wins.

A AND B, Ottawa.—Goldsmith Maid is alive.

SUBSCRIBER, Truro.—It counts for the dealer.

T. B., Greenville.—About 4 miles 580 yards.

D. O. M., Galveston.—Sancho before pedro.

D. L., Montgomery.—Petrosky is 1,395¾.

M. G. MCG., Washington.—Jim loses.

T. S. F., Cleveland.—The jack wins.

HENRY SMALLS.—Out of print.

J. B., Albany.—A loses.

L. D.—A wins.

THIS IS A PUFF.—Our readers and the public may be pleased to be informed that THE NEW YORK CLIPPER ALMANAC for 1881 is now in rehearsal, as our actor-friends would say, and is in such a forward state of preparation as to warrant us in saying that it will be ready for publication early in the coming year. As a work of reference, nobody should be without it. It will save editors and reporters a good deal of time and trouble, containing, as it will, matter that cannot be found in any other publication. Its chronologies of sporting and theatrical events are now being prepared with the greatest care, while its Time-table—now the admitted authority in the sporting world—is being made up by the most experienced and reliable compilers. There is so much in our ALMANAC to command general attention that it is not surprising that it is circulated in all parts of the world. As an advertising medium for theatrical and show people generally it is unsurpassed. It is not for a day, or a week, but for all time. Those who wish to take advantage of the facilities it offers for bringing themselves or their wares to the notice of the world have but a short time in which to send in their favors. Therefore, delay not; and remember that procrastination is the thief of time.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE and the accompanying documents cannot be said to have interfered with the reading and sale of story-papers, which possess more interest for the general public. Most of the Washington documents find their way into old paper and junk shops, and thence into the hands of trunk-makers and taffy-venders. This does not speak well for the intelligence of American freemen.

THE ENEMIES of the Church are multiplying. At Rockcastle, Ky., the other day, a minister of the gospel was shot and instantly killed by a hen. He was traveling, and had just begun to stop over night at a hospitable brother-clergyman's house, when the belligerent fowl, not relishing the intrusion, flew at and fired off a shotgun that was hanging on the wall.

WHEN the news reached Cincinnati that Allan Campbell had been appointed Comptroller of New York there was a good deal of wailing, because it had been understood that an *Ohio man* was to have had the place. We don't wonder that they felt vexed.

WHEN we first suggested the name of Jas. A. Garfield for the Presidency, we had no thought of an office or reward, and our esteemed contemporaries who make such a statement are liars, with a tendency to steal. There!

YOUNG LADIES are again engaged in a conspiracy against young men. This time it takes the form of embroidered slippers. There is a good deal of devilitry going on among girls, now that the holidays are so close at hand.

THE POSITION of "Old Probs," has been conferred on General Hazen, who in the future will be responsible for the weather. We believe that all the college students are in favor of Hazen. [Hazing.]

IT is against the law to go a-fishing for turkeys and gooses, but you can cut them down with a scythe. Country papers will please copy, and credit us with the same.

THERE WERE quite a number of cold decks rung in upon the people who sailed our waters in ferry-boats last week.

NO WONDER that that little Swiss town in the Alps was burned up. Its name was Flasch.

GAFFS, fair or foul, can be purchased of Geo. W. Palmer, whose address is published in our advertising department. Mr. Palmer warrants his goods, and states that he has fair spurs always on hand.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BIDDLE, Colonel Chapman.—A prominent lawyer of Philadelphia, Pa., where he had practiced since 1840. For many years he was principally a counseling council, but later in life his practice called him into the courts, and it was there that he became most widely known. When the late war broke out he was empowered to raise a regiment for active service. He did this, and was made colonel of the regiment, which was known as the 121st Pennsylvania Volunteers. After rendering distinguished services, he was honorably discharged Dec. 10, 1863, and, returning to Philadelphia, he resumed the practice of the law. He was also prominently connected with the Fairmount Park Art Association—Philadelphia, Dec. 9, aged 58.

BROWN, General Joseph W.—A prominent resident of Tecumseh, Mich., and one of the three men who located that town in 1824. He established the first stage road route between Detroit and Chicago. He had been Regent of the State University and major-general of the State Militia, and had served as general in the Black Hawk war—Tecumseh, Dec. 9, aged 87.

BOWLING, R. B.—An old resident of Louisville, Ky., where he was well known as a printer of legal blanks. He was at one time Clerk of the Court of Appeals of Kentucky—Louisville, Dec. 6.

COLVILLE, Sir James William—At one time Chief justice of India—London, Eng., cable-dispatch dated Dec. 7, aged 79.

CHAMBODAT, Rev. J.—Late Vicar-general of the Galveston, Texas, diocese—Galveston, Dec. 9.

CONYNGHAM, Henry A.—A well-known lawyer of Harrisonburg, Va.—there Dec. 5, aged 46.

CAMPBELL, Dr. Elizabeth.—A well-known resident of Richmond, Va. He served with distinction in the Confederate army, and was for a time business-manager of *The Richmond Enquirer*—Richmond, Dec. 6.

D'OSSONE, J. Freeman—For many years assistant-librarian at the Mercantile Library, Philadelphia, Pa.—Baltimore, Md., Dec. 5, aged 56.

DACEY, Captain Timothy—A noted Fenian leader—Lawrence, Mass., Dec. 10.

DUPUIS, Lucien Adrien Alfred M.—United States Consul at Cadiz, Spain, for the last ten years. He was a native of France, and served for many years in the French army. He took a conspicuous part in the Italian war, and later in the Austrian struggle, and for his bravery received decorations from Sardinia, France, Turkey and England. Upon the opening of the rebellion he resigned his commission in the French Army an d accepted a captaincy in the First New Jersey Cavalry. He afterwards became major of the Eighth Regiment Cavalry of New York, and in 1862 was given command of the First Rhode Island Cavalry. He became conspicuous by his bravery, and was promoted to be brigadier-general of cavalry July 18, 1865. He was appointed Consul at Cadiz by President Grant—Cadiz, Nov. 8, aged 46.

DIXON, Dr. Edward H.—A prominent physician of this city, where he had practiced for fifty years. He made a specialty of surgery, and was a bold and successful operator. He was the author of several medical works, including *The Scalpel*, a monthly publication, which he continued for several years—here, Dec. 7, aged 72.

FISHER, Charles—Judge of the New Brunswick Superior Court—Fredericton, N. B., Dec. 8.

KIRKPATRICK, Alexander—Formerly superintendent of the American Sunday-school Union—Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 6.

LINGSBURY, Aiden N.—Well known to the traveling public from his thirty years' connection with the Astor House of this city and the Burnet House of Cincinnati—Boston, Mass., Dec. 6.

LYNCH, John—An old resident of this city, who had served in the Mexican War and in the late war—here, Dec. 8.

MACCUBBIN, Samuel—A prominent resident of Richmond, Va., where he was chief of the Confederate detective department during the late war—Richmond, Dec. 7, aged 55.

MARSH, Richard—A journalist of Lexington, Ky.—there, recently, aged 65.

OSBORN, Reuben W.—Postmaster at Irvington, and Sons Town-collector of Clinton, N. Y.—Irvington, Dec. 7, aged 66.

OAKLEY, Dr. Lewis—A well-known physician of Owego, N. Y.—there, Dec. 8.

PORTER, T. Dwight—For many years at the head of an educational institute in this city—here, Dec. 13, aged 83.

SCOTT, Lieut.-Col. Joseph—A resident of Richmond, Vt. He was a soldier in the War of 1812, and was for many years connected with the Bank of Virginia—Richmond, Dec. 8, aged 88.

REFFYE, General—A French officer, who claimed to be the inventor of the mitrailleuse—Paris, cable-dispatch dated Dec. 10.

ROTHE, Charles—An old resident of Boston, Mass., where he was one of the first to engage in the business of manufacturing sealing-wax—there, Dec. 5.

SARGENT, John—An ex-Mayor of Cambridge, Mass. He represented Cambridge in the Legislature during the memorable years of 1860, 1861 and 1862, and was in the Senate in 1849 and 1876. He was elected Mayor of Cambridge in 1856, and re-elected in 1859—there, Dec. 3, aged 68.

STEVENS, Colonel Ambrose—A veteran journalist, who was regarded as authority upon all questions of financial history—Providence, R. I., Dec. 10, aged 67.

STARBUCK, James F.—An ex-member of the New York Senate from the Nineteenth District. He was secretary to the State Constitutional Convention of 1846, and District Attorney of Jefferson County from 1849 to 1854—Watertown, N. Y., Dec. 6, aged 64.

SAMBUSHIMA, Shiogoi Nanohobu—The Japanese Ambassador to France—cable-dispatch dated Dec. 7.

WINTERS, Mrs. Elizabeth—A centenarian. She was the mother of nine children, of whom only one is living, the eldest being 83 and the youngest 53. Up to the last her eyesight and hearing were good—Newark, N. J., Dec. 6, aged 101.

WHITBECK, Dr. J. F.—A well-known physician of Rochester, N. Y.—there Dec. 4.

WINCH, J. C. C.—A leading lawyer of Houston, Texas—there, Dec. 7.

WRIGHT, Charles A.—A stockbroker well known in this city and in Philadelphia—here, Dec. 5, aged 45.

WINCHESTER, Oliver T.—The head of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, and for many years engaged in the manufacture of rifles and cartridges. He was a lieutenant-governor of Connecticut in 1866, and was the founder of Winchester Observatory at Yale College—New Haven, Ct., Dec. 10, aged 74.

WILHOIT, Dr. R. W.—For many years the physician of the Kentucky Penitentiary—Frankfort, Ky., Dec. 8.

THE TURF.

THE CHARLESTON RACES.

The annual race-meeting of the South Carolina Jockey Club commenced Dec. 8 at Charleston, S. C., with fine weather, but a light attendance. The sport began with the Hutchinson Stakes, for two-year-olds owned in the State, $25 each, p. p., $250 added, one mile. Helen Wallace was the favorite, but she was beaten by Georgia Boy by a half-length, Virginia Belle third and Lizzie Lee fourth. Time, 1:51. A mile-heat race, $250, followed, and was won by Mark L. (141lb); Le Roi (114) second. The first heat was won easily by a length by the favorite, Ella Warfield (93), who fell first after the start in the second, but was not distanced. Time, 1:51½, 1:54. The third race was a dash of a mile and three-quarters, $250, and was won by Long Taw (114), who galloped in a dozen lengths before Monday, Jr. (114), second; Pacific (108) third and Fair Count (108) fourth. Time not taken.....The attendance on the 9th was much larger. The opening event, a mile-heat race, $300, had seven starters, and resulted in the successful capture of the first heat by Lizzie Lee, each heat by a length; Governor Hampton (118) second and Mark L. (114) third. Time, 1:51, 1:51. The Hampton Stakes, $25 each, p. p., $350 added, mile heats, was won by Governor Sprague, a three-year-old Colonel Sprague, who was the choice of the betors, winning in two straight heats; Captain Wragge second and H. V. Bemiss third in each. Time, 1:53¾, 1:52. A mile race, $200, was the third event, and Pea Vine turned up only in time specially in Pacific (108), who finished a half length ahead of Georgia Boy (92) with King Dutchman (105), the favorite, third. Time, 1:50..... The weather on the 10th was unseasonably cold, and in consequence the attendance fell off greatly. The first race, a mile and a half, $200, was won with ease by the favorite, Fair Count (108); Charley Bush (114) second. Time, 2:56. The Milliken Stakes, entrance $25, p. p., $500 added, two mile heats, was the next, and was won by the favorite, Long Taw (118) in two straight heats; Lottery (114) second and Red Fox (105) third. Time, 3:59, 3:54. A selling-race followed, $250, one mile, and this also resulted in the victory of the favorite, Bill Bruce (118), a half neck before Lillian (105); Redman (114) third. Time, 1:49½.

The Charleston girls and their masculine escorts were present in force at the racecourse on the last day of the meeting of the South Carolina Jockey Club, Saturday, Dec. 13, when the weather was fine and the track good. The first event was a mile dash, for two-year-olds, $25 each, p.p., $250, and was won by the favorite, King Nero (100lb) by two lengths; Fairview (98) second and Mary Wilson (97) third. Time, 1:50. A mile-and-a-half dash, $50, followed, and was captured by Mintzer (118), Lizzie Lee (108) second and Mark L. (114) third. Time not taken. The third race was a dash of a mile and a quarter, and in this Gabriel (108) again suffered defeat by Long Taw (114), Fair Count (108) coming in third. Time, 2:14. The meeting was brought to an end with a mile dash for a consolation purse, $150, for horses that had not won a race. Seven horses were started, and the result was in favor of King Dutchman, after whom came Lillian, followed by Ella Warfield. Time, 1:49.

NATIONAL TROTTING ASSOCIATION.

The Board of Review of this Association held a three days' meeting at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, this city, last week, commencing on Dec. 7. There were over sixty cases before the Board, of which thirty were decided, one dismissed, and one withdrawn. Among those decided was the application of Mattie Hunter, by her father, Thomas Hunter, for the return of the $250 entrance-money claimed by the Boston Driving Park Association in July, 1879. The decision was as follows:

"That the Boston Driving Park Association, in undertaking of the owners of the pacers to perform at Boston for a purse of $4,000, for which the Association, through its Counsel, Russell, Hastings, Ware & Storey, sued for assistance of Mr. Wilson of Cynthiana, Ky., that the four pacers should enter and start, and contribute $1,000 as entrance-money. A dispute arose between the parties in adjusting the matter, in which it was claimed by the representatives of the pacers that they were to compete for $3,000 only, without any obligation to pay entrance-money. The evidence established to the mind of the Board that the purse was offered to the controllers of the pacers with the provision for the contribution of entrance-money as named. The joint agreement was that all four were to enter and to start. In the arrangement it was stipulated that the pacers should not exhibit between Utica and Boston, thus skipping Hartford's week, subsequently arrangements were made for the pacers to exhibit at Hartford and then at Springfield, Mass., by their own arrangement and contracts the managers of the pacers violated their agreement with the Boston Association, and thereby subjected Miss Hunter to the loss of her entrance-money. The money was duly deposited, and the Board appealed to for relief in the claim. By the decision of the Board the application is disallowed, and the claim of Miss Hunter is accordingly confirmed.

Among those reinstated were J. N. Haddock of Hartford, Mo., formerly owner of Edwin Forrest when the latter trotted in the Utica race in the Spring of 1879, and who was expelled from said track for fraud; Edward Pyle, driver of Edward in the same race, for the same offense; Hunter, and the Board being of opinion that his punishment had already been severe enough; Wm. S. McLaughlin, expelled at Buffalo for alleged pulling of the horse Kate Hall; Jas. H. Goldsmith, Lewis D. Brokaw, Thomas Taylor and Chas. T. Kenyon. Edward S. Stokes paid the fine of $100, which had without his knowledge been imposed upon the mare St. Helena for improper racing at Sacramento, Cal., and which fine was still attached to her at the time Mr. Stokes sold the horse to Cornelius J. Vanderbilt. The explanation made by Mr. Stokes proved entirely satisfactory. The Board adjourned Dec. 9, to meet in Chicago, Ill., May 3.

DEATH OF BLUE GOWN.

Turf interests in America have suffered a loss by the death of the famous Derby winner of 1868, Blue Gown, purchased some time ago by James R. Keene for $20,000 for importation to this country. He left London, Eng., Nov. 13 for Boston on the steamer Victoria, which encountered a succession of terrific gales, during which the thoroughbred was badly knocked about, and on the morning of Nov. 20 he died from exhaustion and supposed internal injuries. The body was dropped into the sea. Blue Gown was by Beadsman out of Bas Bleu, and was bred by Sir Joseph Hawley in 1865. As a two-year-old he won the Clearwell Stakes at Newbarket; the Gold Cup at Ascot, and the Fitzwilliam Stakes at Doncaster; at four years he also won eight out of eleven races, including the Ascot Stakes; and as a five-year-old he won two out of seven. At the end of that season he was taken to Germany, having been purchased by the Prussian Government for breeding purposes, but in 1878 he was bought by the Cobham Stud Company and taken back to England. When that company broke up, in 1879, he was purchased by the Marden Deer Park Stud, by which he was sold to Mr. Keene's agent. Two mares belonging to the same stable survived the tempestuous voyage.

A TROT for $200, between Trimble's Farmer John and Copp's Harry of the West, heats of three-quarters of a mile, three in five, in harness, took place on Sixth avenue, from 125th to 126th street, Dec. 10. Farmer John, who was driven by his owner, won in three straight heats. James Dustin drove the other nag.

JEM MACE, the ex-pugilist and present bookmaker and hotel proprietor of Melbourne, Australia, has bought Haldee of the Hills for 200 guineas.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE of the National Association of Trotting Horsebreeders are to hold a meeting at 42 Broadway, this city, Dec. 15.

BILLIARDS.

STRAY SHOTS.

John D. O'Connor anticipates that the projected pool tournament at the Union-Square Rooms, this city, will prove a highly interesting affair. It is expected that there will be at least eight entries, and a card in our amusement columns calls upon those desiring to enter the contest to make known to Mr. O'Connor their desire. The card also contains other particulars as to the tournament, all the details of which Mr. O'Connor proposes to manage himself.....The new billiard hall that has been fitted up in the Monarch Billiard Hall, St. Louis, are in charge of Harry Baldwin, brother of the superintendent of that room.....In New Orleans, last week, Young Frellsen and Young Jacobs agreed to have played for a purse of one hundred dollars offered by the management of the theatre at which Adams has been fulfilling a long and successful engagement. Professor Odums Adams is to go to Texas, prior to visiting Detroit professionally.....Louis Shaw, the clever fancy-shot player, begins an engagement at the rooms of Marshall's Room, Boston, Dec. 13, after having made his mark in a number of the principal cities in Connecticut and Massachusetts. A card in another column announces that he will be open for engagements after Dec. 20.....In St. Louis, on the 30 inst., Charles Colt and Isaac Haines played 100 points up for ten dollars, and Shaw won by 17. Another game for a like amount was played later, and Colt won by 100 to 97.....At the old Tammas Room, in Cincinnati, business is quiet under the new proprietor. It is understood that next Summer the tables will be taken out to make way for the establishment of a pool-room (not billiard-pool).....Business is now in New Orleans is lively, and Charles Lacoume and Joseph A. Walker have of course the lion's share of it.....Jac Aberle is going to put a few billiard tables into what he has left of old St. Ann's Church, and therefore at Aberle's Theatre, as at Miner's, the visitor can have either a variety show for his money, or fifteen-ball pool.....Berry Mitchell, the famous Western tragedian, who is likewise a well-known billiard-player, has got back to St. Louis..... Louis Shaw advises us that he has sent in his name as a competitor in the forthcoming ball-pool tournament in this city.....The Exchange Billiard-room, Pensacola, Fla., was burned up on the 11th inst.....John Oberlander continues as superintendent of Charles Lacoume's St. Charles Hotel Room, New Orleans.....Harry Choate, ex-champion of Ohio, is now doing about as fine a business as any other roomkeeper in the Queen City.....Chas. Waterman has finished all his games in the St. Louis tournament, and he left that city on the morning of the 5th.....Frank Magnoli is playing stronger billiards than ever, sometimes, as was informed, venturing on giving forty odds or 200 set-back at the Champion's Game.....The table upon which the games of the recent Philadelphia tournament were played was a Collender 5x10, of ebony and gold. The master of ceremonies was James Palmer, and Chris. Bird sat in the box-office. Where it is said that his fingers should airily fly in making change. George Heidel, William Rockhill and Pincus Levy marked the games.....Yank Adams triumphed on his return from New Orleans on Dec. 12 that Frank T. Maguire had arrived in Galveston, Texas, where Adams himself would fill an engagement of one week on Dec. 20.....The Brooklyn police raided Henry Kosnig's saloon, 363 Atlantic avenue, on the night of the 4th inst., and arrested eleven persons who were playing pool, and who were looked up. With the exception of one, those years had mounted as twenty-seven, the ages of the individual from fifteen to eighteen years.....Harry Miner's room at 10 Union square, last on the night of Dec. 7 and Superintendent George Ellis has been added to the police force. Those interested upon it ever since that he has advised that the room is enlarged by the addition of two or three tables. Pool is the principal play planned there, there are games for lives; but boys are not permitted to take part in the games. On the opening night there were present Jacob Schneider and his brother Charles, Samuel P. Knight, Randolph Heiser, William Sexton and others of more or less note in the professional world. The chief contest was a series of games of 500 up, for a fine silver cup, between Charles Schaefer and Sam Knight. The latter won, but Schaefer made him work to pull the chestnut out of the fire to secure the victory.....Rudolphus Hendrickson, who was the spoke of about a month ago, has made arrangements to give lessons in private houses in San Francisco.....Jeremiah Daly is to take hold of the room on the corner of Forty-second street and Vanderbilt avenue.

THE RING.

A MERRY MILL STOPPED.

There had been a dispute as to the respective abilities of Jack Massey and Jack Ashton, of London, England, as their friends, in order to test their merits, subscribed a purse of $150 for them to compete for with the raw-hide, in a fight to a finish. Tuesday evening, Dec. 7, was agreed on, stands 5ft. 9in., and weighs about 147lb. His best performance was, perhaps, when he beat Bill Driscoll for a $125 purse, the fight occupying 48min. After this he had to succumb to Napper's "Si-lonner" (J. Knifton)

hoor for the championship dis-
e Fountain Gun Club, seven birds
traps, handicap rise, 80yds. fall,
e Brooklyn (N. Y.) Driving Park
ores being as follow: C. W. Win-
Talbot (80), 7; C. Schwarer (28),
(23), 7; B. A. Cross (21), 6; E. H.
. Miller (21), 6; T. Kennedy (23),
(23), 6; J. T. Slane (25), 6. In shoot-
seven birds Wingert won, killing
ccession, while Talbot missed his
his second, and Van Staden his

of the Long Island Gun Club on
for the club gun, contended for
er's Park, Jamaica, L. I. Each
n birds, from five ground-traps,
oyds. fall, with this result: J.
rise), 7; A. Eddy (25), 7; R. Mid-
lbee (27), 7; W. Wynn (27), 6; H.
laine (25), 6; H. Wanner (23), 5;
), 5; G. W. Post (21), 3; W. Wilson
n (25), 3. In shooting-off, Lang-
killed five more birds out of six
Midway and Talbot's one each.

ntshot Frank Butler in a pigeon-
ve birds each, at Louisville, Ky.,
23 to 21. The birds were strong

NEWARK.—The associate rifle clubs of
id their annual tournament at the
. Amateur Rifle Club's contest, assembling
early all the clubs of that place were
teams and a full quota of men each, and
he "crack shots" of each club, except
who sent out, as they said, their "new
ssociation, each man governed by rules
ctation, each man, consisting of seven
nots, captains of teams shooting to-
Monday the Bernards and Amateurs
tion. The Amateurs scored 427. Be-
ay's shoot was between the Essex and
and scored as follows: Essex, 432;
The Frelinghuysen and Plymouth
her on Wednesday in the concluding
were: Frelinghuysen, 436; Plymouth,
the Frelinghuysens with the deciding
nament.

CRICKET.

A number of prominent residents of
are interested in cricket, met at the
hat city, Dec. 8, and effected a temporar-
under the name of the Boston Cricket
Shoe & Leather firms.
a committee to consider the feasibility
rtainment for the purpose of placing the
ation on a firm financial basis. It was
he same place 15 for the purpose of per-
zation.

CRICKET CLUB of Philadelphia, Pa., held
g on Dec. 7, when the following officers
to serve for the ensuing year: Presi-
Wm. Bucknell; Secretary, J. Barrett; corre-
ry, Thomas Webster; financial secre-
inson; treasurer, Henry Haywood; di-
, S. Vickers, Thos. Hargrave, J. Blood

CRICKET CLUB has been declared the
Ontario, and has won the challenge cup
onto Cricket Association, defeating all
the contestants. Hunter and J. S.
three highest batting averages, while
he excelled in handling the ball.

PRIZE for the past season have been
HAM ASHE taken the first prize, a gold
prize goes to Robert S. Newhall of the
W. C. Lewry of the Merion Club wins the

TH senior, the brother of the late James
"Nonpareil" bowler, and father of the
llywhite of Sussex County cricket fame,
Dec. 8, aged Nov. 10.

TRICAL RECORD.

ntinued from page 310.

, who was to have commenced a
ment in Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 6, is
alo, N. Y. Our correspondent there
een quite ill in the Palace Hotel,
nowhat improved yesterday, and
go out for an airing, he is not yet
for work, and he says he will not
after Christmas-week. Mr. Em-
ld him during the latter part of his
re, so that it was with difficulty
is songs or even speak with free-
probably remain here until his
ed. He has undoubtedly been gen-
resting quietly at his chronic
as drinking during the last part
ent here, but evidently 'braced up'
. He has since been completely
is. am credibly informed, not
-hor has been for a few days

MAN'S "Woman's Fate" Combina-
c. 9 in Bradford, Pa., to fair busi-
es Leonard did not appear, being
th, each Mr. Leonard's part be-
he company is to be in Franklin 17,
Wheeling, W. Va., 20, 21, Steuben-
wark 23, Wooster 24, Canton 25.

MEYER'S DRAMATIC COMBINATION
's new Opera-House, Keokuk City.
The company includes Bonnie
Kennark, Laura Hughes, Mamie
Thorne, W. F. Granger, Eugene Har-
Alo, Charles and Edward Clark,
John Esputa, Harry Truse and
oward. E. W. Fisher is the advance-
Plymouth, N. C., 13, Washington
ro 17, 18, Rocky Mount 20, 21, Wil-
ern 24-25. Monthly business reported
ing.

OIT (MICH.) OPERA-HOUSE Dec. 6, 7,
Geo. S. Knight in "Otto" played to
Herrmann booked 13, "Cin-
e week. Manager Jos. Brush
left 9 for New York, where he will
eb. 1, 1881. Manager Havlin leaves
11 for Cincinnati, and returns 17,
Preparations for Carncross' benefit
arron 24 at Troy, N. Y., under the
on circuit. He will remain with the
short time.....At the Grand Opera-
ine Merrymakers played 6, 7, and
good-sized audience each even-
en Thompson filled out the rest of
r business. Minnie Palmer is billed

ER" not only had three good audi-
ys, Dec. 6, 7, 8, in the Griswold
roy, N. Y., but had a very large
is remarkable, as Wednesday mat-
rely panned out profitably in Troy,
min's drama is the best attraction
, and would not have attempted to
but for the earnest solicitation of
.....At Rand's Opera-house the
y Dumpty" gave a good knockabout
good business.

IN'S SPARKS COMBINATION played to
business in Wieting Opera-house,
, Dec. 6, 7. They were followed 8
's Uncle Tom's Cabin" Company
Bijou Company gave a poor per-
mall house 9. Aldrich and Parsloe
" drew good houses 10, 11.....
nd his combination have been at
Walnut, have not received much
ing. They went to Rochester for

LD'S DRAMATIC COMPANY is adver-
sey Shore, Pa., Dec. 13, 14, 15, Ren-

OPERA-HOUSE, Toronto, Ont., was
8, 9, 10, 11, by the "All the Rage"
Business large. The scenery and
all new, and gotten up especially
ent in this house. The Nick Rivers'
npty," Denman Thompson being
remainder of week.

ER in his American drama "Destroy-
Tea" is engaging good business, play
ssfully given, and the Philadelphia
rly have characterized it as a strong
h J. W. Wallace as Frisco Bob gives
d vigorous delineation of the hero.
arrangement through Manager John L.
dvertisement.

NG at the Chestnut-street Opera-
lphia, Dec. 11, the "Child of the
nation will pursue the following
ek, Dec. 13, week; Patterson, N.
1, Washington, D. C., Jan. 3, one
e 10, one week.

TER HALL DESTRO was the Broad-
Philadelphia, Dec. 6, owing to the
Hemple, which prevented him from
e part for which he had been cast
he having been engaged in an
ake at rival on the above date.
ts he was improving. His part of
aken by Mr. Mills, prompter of the
7, "Freaks" being given then and
ch week. No change of bill the cur-
new play. "The Land-leaguers of
e produced Dec. 20, under the direc-
ackay, for whom it was written.
closed his engagement at the Arch-
, Philadelphia, Dec. 4, after a most
3, Othello 8 and 11, and Sullivan in a
title, which is merely the familiar
Garrick" under another name, 10.
immense during the entire engage-
supporting company played "A Debt
; 9, and afternoon 11. Robson and
ps and Flats" commence Dec. 13.
s—"Our German Senator"—took
nesday matinee, Dec. 8, the crowd-
ad addressed large numbers of his
very evening and Wednesday and
noons of the week. The patrons of
ent will have their attention called
ld their favorite "Case" Dec. 13.
ERAKDE joins the Jule Keen party

EUM, Philadelphia, found "Aladdin"
during its second and last week at
many as had in the auditorium en-
hugely. At several of the perform-
of tickets had to be stopped before
ment of the entertainment, and
ned away unable to gain admission.
ng Arrah-na-Pogue, "Dr. Ryan" had
n Dec. 11 to make room for "Daniel
. C. Brown Jr., treasurer, will take
, when great attractions will be pre-
his house has attained to the high
olds among Philadelphia theatres is
he efforts of Mr. Brown, who, in ad-
ties as treasurer, has attended to all
g during the two seasons he has
with the house.

NT" enchanted hosts of people at
eet Theatre, Philadelphia, the past
ece was magnificently put upon the
nting being, if possible, superior to
production of this piece last sea-
ers. Same bill till Dec. 20, when the
oom up.....Chas. M. Southwell,
much to enhance the popularity of

OF THE STATE" entertained many
city at the Chestnut-street Opera-
phia, during the week ending Dec.
sented in excellent style by the Hoey
bination. Same bill current week.
and her Opera Comique Company
o weeks, commencing Dec. 20.
ESTRA and her horse Lightning
to very large audiences at the Na-
Philadelphia, last week. She was
by a dramatic company under the
H. Collins, Ferguson and Mack,
Minnie Lee and Alf McDowell took
o prior to the horse-drama. Ooty
r the Gaslight" will be the dramatic
13, after which will come Oliver
c. 20, for two weeks.

BERNHARDT'S appearance in Boston, Mass., is thus chronicled by our regular correspondent, writing on Dec. 12: "Not for many years, if ever, has the theatre-going public of Boston, Mass., been so aroused by a spirit or curiosity to witness the powers of one of the best-advertised and most ably managed dramatic attractions ever brought to this country. The unparalleled advance sale of seats before even the actress appeared in the country is proof of this statement; and if the ordinary course had been pursued, it is a matter of doubt if, with the talent alone of the actress, so much pecuniary success would have been meted out to the enterprise. The repertory of the week was: 6, "Hernani;" 7 and matinee 11, "Frou-Frou;" 8, "Adrienne;" 9, "The Sphinx;" and 10, "Phedre." As Mlle. Bernhardt's performances have all been fully reviewed in these columns during the past month, it is only necessary to record the impressions created upon our audiences. The opening selection, "Hernani," occasioned a feeling of wonder that an actress of the celebrity of Mlle. Bernhardt should include in her repertory so unimportant or insignificant a role and that of Doña Sol, overshadowed as it is by at least three of her other characters. The only opportunity afforded the actress was the grand death-scene, where she certainly acted with all her power; but one had to combat against unfamiliarity with the dialogue spoken in a foreign tongue, and the dullness of the piece previously hardly repaid one for the time occupied before the climax was reached. The same remarks will apply to the lady's performance of Phedra. On her representation of Marion De Lorme in "The Sphinx," it may be said it contains at least two good scenes—those at the termination of the fourth and fifth acts. Adrienne is considered by many as inferior to that of the Polish actress Modjeska, with whom she is brought into more direct comparison than with any other modern actress; but still it evoked the unqualified praise of many, who considered it the best and most finished part wholly from the heart. Both Adrienne and Phedra in the minds of the general public Gilberte in "Frou-Frou" is conceded to be her best impersonation. It certainly is the most popular part, and has been thus far the artistic success of the season. It combines many elements within easy grasp, does not draw too heavily upon the emotions, and is not given to so complete embodying the various and changing phases of the cha racter that it is made in her hands a well-rounded, delicate and finished picture. The following remarks and claims upon public interest possessed by Mlle. Bernhardt, it may be said that she is the best-educated and most polished actress possibly ever seen on the stage; she is a thorough mistress of her art, is conversant with all the intricacies, and is perfectly familiar with the routine work of her profession; but in, withal, overrated. She possesses a voice sweet, musical and capable of a great range of modulation; but it is lacking in the power needed in passionate parts, and is particularly noticed in Racine's tragedy. Opinions differ as to the status of the artist; and while some place her at the topmost pinnacle of fame, others, more critical, realization does not approach anticipation. The support given by the company has been even and respectable in most instances, but on several occasions allowing the star. She has been well received by her audiences. On the night of her debut she was cordially greeted, and, according to French custom, the curtain was raised at the end of each succeeding act after the second, and at the close of the play, in addition, one bouquet was thrown. On successive evenings plaudits were liberally bestowed, and the actress answered that call at the end of every impressive scene. The opening audience represented $4,100 in money. On the second night the receipts were $3,700, and on the third $3,586. Wednesday matinee, Dec. 8, was not up to the previous evening, but several seats and boxes in the balcony were unoccupied 10, occasioned, no doubt, by the vividness of the weather that set in, and the doors were opened. The matinee 11 was extremely large, nearly equal to the first night. On no evening has the house been more than comfortably filled, and the number of standees below stairs after 6 has been exceeded several times this season. All the engagements of the star have been to large houses, and the neighborhood of the theatre on each night has contained many who were bitten, and who offered tickets for sale at from one to three dollars one dollar, and a drop of fifty cents apiece for very desirable seats downstairs. Manager Stetson has done everything in his power to render comfortable and elegant her engagement, and transformed the star's dressing-room into a perfect boudoir. He also directed his chief ushers to provide themselves with full dress suits during the time, setting the example himself, and the duo who officiate in the orchestra and balcony are as well dressed as any of the swells of the audience. The following are the last week of Mlle. Bernhardt include 'Camille' 13, 15, and matinee 18, 'Frou-Frou' 14, 'Adrienne' 16, the bill for 17 not yet decided upon. 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A NEW PLAY.—Despite the stormy and disagreeable weather, a good house greeted Geo. S. Knight at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, O., Dec. 11, to witness the production of Bronson Howard's new comedy-drama in five acts, entitled "Baron Rudolph." "The scene of the play," says our correspondent, "is laid in this country, and the story is as follows: We find Rudolph Wegand a baron who has become poverty-stricken through his own recklessness. Returning home heavy with an unadvantageous condition while his wife and infant are suffering for the want of food, he discovers that a former lover has induced her to abandon her husband, and she has promised to become his future wife. A divorce follows, and she marries Whitworth Lawrence, a man of wealth. After an elapse of eighteen years Rudolph appears on the scene, shoots at Rudolph and wounds him; but Rudolph has strength enough left to stab Lawrence with fatal effect. The last act represents a court-room scene, in which the jury find Rudolph guilty of murder in the first degree; but everything ends happily by the Governor of the State handing the pardon to Knight. The play contains many excellent points, which may be brought out more fully after further performances. The interest can be prevented from flagging, as the distinct parts are evenly divided among a sufficient number of characters. Mr. Knight as Rudolph Weigand gave a fine piece of character-acting. The lady should not be confounded with Mrs. Fitzwilliams, who twice visited America in company with J. B. Buckstone. Deceased, who had held a prominent position on the London stage, was at the time of her demise over seventy years of age. She left considerable property in London to a nephew and niece, and her life is said to have been insured for $5,000.

LOSS OF WARDROBE BY FIRE.—James A. Herne's "Hearts of Oak" Combination played in Macon, Ga., Dec. 4, and left for Atlanta 5. When about forty miles from their destination, near Jonesboro, a freight-car containing the personal baggage of the troupe was discovered to be on fire, and the overheated journal, ere before assistance could be rendered the entire car and contents were consumed. The car contained only a few things belonging to the stage, excepting the calcium lights. The company were asleep in a forward car, and had they been awakened, a great deal of property might have been saved. We learn that suit will be entered against the railway company for damages sustained.

MARY ANDERSON appeared in the Pittsburg (Pa.) Opera-house Dec. 6 in "Evadne," 7 "Love," 8 "Ingomar," 9 "Hunchback," 10 "Fazio," and 11 "Ion." Business large. Nat. Goodwin's "Froliques" open 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18.

LITTLE MISS BARRETT of the Boston "Petite Orchestra" is studying the harp under the tuition of Georgie Dean-Spaulding, preparatory to making her debut as a soloist on that instrument.

JOHN MARTIN, tuba-player in the band with the Globe Comique Company, died in Chicago, Nov. 15, and was buried by the company. The city bands joined the musicians of the troupe in escorting his remains to the grave.

WITH THE OAKES BROS.' CONCERT COMPANY business is experiencing very large, notwithstanding the intensely cold weather. Mrs. Tommy Adams joined the party Dec. 4 in Delano, Wis.

THE MCNEIL FAMILY CONCERT COMPANY are billed in Mechanic Hall, Trenton, N. J., ending Dec. 14. Kinmundl 15, Odin 16, Richview 17, Ashley 18.

MAPLESON'S ITALIAN-OPERA COMPANY presented "Mefistofele" at the Brooklyn (L. I.) Academy of Music Dec. 9 to a full house. They sing "Martha" 16. The first matinee for the season will be given in the Waverly Theatre, with the same cast with which the opera was presented at this house a fortnight ago. The first performance of the new Brooklyn Vocal Society for the season will occur.

"CINDERELLA" (Rossini's opera) is to be sung two weeks, commencing Dec. 20, by pupils of the College of Music, Cincinnati.....The Strakosch Opera Company opens for a week in Pike's Opera-house 27.....The full membership of the Conservatory of Music was given 9. Annie Doemer, pianist, and Miss Hortense Pierse, soprano, were the soloists.....Master Michael Banner, a twelve-year-old pupil of the College of Music, is claimed to be quite a prodigy on the violin. He is from Sacramento, Ca'.

A CONCERT was given in the Meionaon, Boston, Mass., Dec. 5, by the Amphion Quartet of young ladies, assisted by Elizabeth S. Chadbourne, reader.....The Fisk Jubilee Singers gave their last concerts in Tremont Temple 6, and at Music Hall Brattleboro, Vt., 7, assisted by Miss Lizzie Beebe and Richard G. Haskell was solemnized in Trinity Church 8 before an immense concourse.....A concert for the assistance of members of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union was given in Union Hall 8 by Susie Brastow, George D. Burchmore and Annie M. Allen, vocalists, and Mrs. Alice Jane Chase, pianist.....A complimentary concert tendered the veteran musical editor and critic John S. Dwight was given in Music Hall afternoon of 5, nearly seven thousand persons being present from the sale of tickets and private subscriptions. The performers were all volunteers, and the use of the hall and lighting and the services of the ushers and doorkeepers were also voluntary.....Henrietta Middlekauff, pianist, and H. W. Fisher, vocalist, gave a classical concert in Weslevan Hall afternoon of 9.....The Mendelssohn recital of A. W. Swan was given in Tremont Temple afternoon of 10, and the series will be concluded 17.....The fifth concert of the season, so successfully inaugurated at the Boston Theatre 5, will be continued 12.....Brown's Brigade Band commenced their series of concerts to be given in the Gaiety Theatre 13.....Rossini's Stabat Mater and a miscellanous concert were to have been given in Music Hall 12 by Signor Campanini and 80 of the Agnes Larcombe Italian Opera Company; Fanny Lovering, soprano; John F. Winch, baso; D. M. Babcock, bass; Clarence E. Hay, baritone; the Schubert Concert Company of eighteen male voices; the Schubert Quartet and a mixed chorus of two hundred.....The French Catholic Church of this city will benefit by a concert to be given in the Meionaon 14 by Ita Welch, Mrs. Florence C. Sherwood, Ernst Perabo, John Farley and Dr. E. C. Bullard.....The third Harvard symphony concert was given in the Meionaon afternoon of 16, the soloists being T. Adamowski, violinist, and Clarence E. Hay, baritone.....Isabel Mason, a pupil of Julius Eichberg in the Conservatory of Music, rooms 17, with the assistance of Ella Abbott and Wulf Price.....The fourth concert of the Boston Philharmonic Orchestra was given in Music Hall 17.....Rossini's Frog Opera will be sung by a company of volunteer vocalists in the Boston Museum afternoons of 20 and 21, in aid of the fair for the benefit of the Home.....

THE SOLDENE OPERA COMPANY sing in Fall River, Mass., Dec. 13, 14, Hartford Ct., 15, 16, New Haven 17, 18.

M. S. EMERY'S ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY are to be in Salem, Mass., Dec. 13, Lawrence 14, Concord, N. H., 15, Manchester 16, Portland, Me., 17, 18, Holyoke, Mass., 20, Malden, Ct., 21.

BENNETT & MOULTON'S JUVENILE-OPERA COMPANY are announced in Milford, Mass., Dec. 13, Hollliston 14, Millbury 15, Worcester 17, 18.

THE WHITNEY FAMILY of Boston have just closed their most successful tour of the State of Michigan, and they report a successful season.

ERIE, PA., PEOPLE were delighted Dec. 13 by a concert by the Erie Zither Combination, which went on to Cleveland, O., 11, Dunkirk, N. Y., 13, Buffalo 14, St. Catherines, Ont., 15, Hamilton 16, Toronto 17, 18, Port Huron, Mich., 20, Detroit 21, Tiffin, O., 22, Toledo 23, Chicago, Ill., 24.....

THE IDRAL OPERA COMPANY presented "Fatinitza" and "The Chimes of Normandy" at the Grand Opera-house, Toronto, Ont., Dec. 6 and 7, before crowded houses. They went to Detroit, Mich., 10, 11. Teresa Carreno and company were greeted by a large audience at Shaftesbury Hall 4.

THE RIONDA CONCERT COMPANY are to sing in Detroit, Mich., Dec. 13, Ann Arbor 14, Toledo, O., 15.

THE RIONDA CONCERT COMPANY in Case Hall, Cleveland, O., Dec. 7, sang to very light business.....A large audience witnessed the first concert this season of the Cleveland Vocal Society 9.....The Rive King Co. concertized 11 to fair business.....The Zither Club gave a very entertaining concert at Weisgerber's Hall 9.....Rice's Bijou Opera Company is the attraction at the Opera-house the week of 20.

EMMA ABBOT'S company fulfilled a week of English opera in the Opera-house, St. Louis, Mo., ending Dec. 11—the first musical attraction for the season there. The opening attendance was only fair, but increased rapidly, culminating on Friday night, when the house was crowded. It was rumored that Mrs. Seguin was to separate from the company, but in an interview she emphatically denied that such was the case, as her contract would not allow her to join another company until 1882. Their route is Peoria, Ill., 13, 14, Galesburg 15, Keokuk, Ia., 16, Burlington 17, Cedar Rapids 18, St. Paul, Minn. 20 21, 22, Minneapolis 23, 24, 25.

MARIE WELLESLEY and her dogs appear in Quebec Dec. 20, 21, Ottawa 22, Three Rivers 24, Montreal 25 and during the succeeding holiday-week.

WILLIE EDOUIN'S SPARKS COMBINATION are due in Springfield, Mass., Dec. 13, Holyoke 14, Worcester 15, Salem 16, Lawrence 17, Lowell 18, Newport, R. I., 20, Fall River, Mass., 21, Hartford, Ct., 23.

THE WALLACK DRAMATIC COMPANY, led by Clara Ormsby, perform in Marlboro, Mass., Dec. 13, North Attleboro 15.

MEADE & MAGINLEY'S "Deacon Crankett" Combination play in Woodsocket, R. I., 16, Chelsea, Mass., 17, Waltham 18.

LAWRENCE BARRETT and company are due in Lynn, Mass., Dec. 13, Brockton 14, Lowell 15, Fitchburg 16, Springfield 17, New Haven, Ct., 18.

BUFFALO BILL and company are to be looked for in Brockton, Mass., Dec. 13, New Bedford 14, Fall River 15, Newport, R. I., 16, Providence 17, 18.

THE "Constable Joy" Combination are advertised for Lawrence, Mass., Dec. 15, Haverhill 14, Marblehead 15, Taunton 16, Providence, R. I., 17, 18.

THE VICTORY COMPANY are in Worcester, Mass., Dec. 13, Springfield 14, Pittsfield 15, Portland, Me., 21, 22, 23.

"RIP VAN WINKLE" is to be acted by J. R. Keane and combination in Chelsea, Mass., Dec. 13, Plymouth 14, Clinton 15, Warren 16, Woburn 17, Marlboro 18.

CHARLES ATKINSON and Clara Ellard appear in "A Twisted Weapon" in Pepperell, Mass., Dec. 14, Hyannis 15, Yarmouthport 16, Malden 22, Danvers 25, Lynn Jan. 11.

THE GLOBE COMEDY COMPANY was consolidated with Seymour's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Troupe in Winona, Miss., Dec. 1, and is now being conducted under the title of Seymour's Metropolitan Dramatic Company. The organization includes Harry Seymour, manager and sole proprietor; Capt. J. B. Atwood, general business-agent; W. F. Warren, treasurer; J. P. Pike, stage-manager; Prof. Goeble, leader of band; A. C. Goeble, leader of orchestra; Ed. Clifford, Chas. Strausburg, Chas. Rory, E. Hollister, Sam'l West, G. Smith, Chas. Ackerman, Master Geo. Warren, Master Percy Warren, J. M. Armstrong, Wm. De Forrest, the Misses Emma Warren, Marie Le Gros, Hattie Pike, Florence Brazeale and Sadie Johnson. They are billed in Canton, Miss., Dec. 13, 14, Brownen, 15, 16, Jackson, 17, 18, Vicksburg 20, 21, one week.

THE COMPANY now in Smith's Opera-house, Grand Rapids, Mich., are Ed. P. Hilton, stage-manager, Hank Goodman, Varney and De Bar, Max Arnold, Billie Wylie, Gracie Burton, Mary E. Rice, Ada Walton, Alice Ridgeway, Mlle. Bernette and Fanny Hastings, Florence Grandon, Gracie Burton, Max Arnold, Mary E. Rice. Announced for 13: Amelia Stout, Alice Clark, Susie Watterson, Alpha Wardell, Carrie Gazones, Rafferty and Flynn, and Jennie Sutton.

THE SOLDENE'S NEW YORK LILLIPUTS COMBINATION exhibited in Philips, N. Y., Dec. 7, East Bloomfield 8, Victor 9, Gorham 10, Stanley 11. The company includes Miss Mattie Downie, Dave William, Frank Hulett, John Lewis and Miss Mamie Wells. Johnny Downie is the manager. Chas. Harrell, advance-agent, joined in Clifton Springs.

GILMORE & BENTON'S CONSOLIDATED SHOWS are to play in Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 13, Cincinnati, O., 20, one week each, New Orleans, La., 28, two weeks. The company is to leave Cincinnati after the show on Sunday night by special train, and the attempt will be made to make the fastest time on record between the two cities. The French Trouppe Davene and Herr Drayton join the party in Pittsburg.

THE PEOPLE at the Theatre Comique, Cairo, Ill., last week were Banghman and Butler, Pauline Aimes, Frey and Marshall, Emma Bell, the Morris Bros., Cavana and Mason, John F. Stowe and Ray and Thompson. Specialty artists can secure engagements there by addressing Harry Walker, proprietor.

HARRY MINER'S "ROONEY" COMBINATION is due in Evansville, Ind., Dec. 13, 14, Henderson, Ky., 15, Hopkinsville 16, Nashville, Tenn., 17, 18, Selma, Ala., 20, Montgomery 21, Columbus, Ga., 22, Opelika 23, Atlanta 24, 25, 26.

THE ARRIVALS at the National Theatre, Hartford, Ct., Dec. 6, were the Love Sisters, Gibson and Birney, Ada Burnett, Frank R. Carr and the Fieldings. All left Dec. 11. Coming 13: The Four Comets, Avery and Larne, the Morrissays and Della Turner.

AT COSLEY'S VARIETIES, St. Paul, Minn., business is reported good. Announced for last week were Ella and Hattie Morton, Meeklahny Herring, and Nettie West. Charles Archer is now stage-manager.

THE EUREKA VARIETIES, Sam. Douglass proprietor, Columbus, O., collapsed Dec. 11.

GALLAGHER AND BARTLEY, Newsboy breakneck and grotesque song-and-dance artists, can be addressed care of this office. They open at Foy's Theatre, Chicago, Dec. 20, and at the Gem Theatre, Bradford, Pa., Jan. 3, 1881.

SPECIALTY PEOPLE are wanted at the Adelphi Theatre, Peoria, Ill. See Manager Geo. W. Gable's card.

VARIETY NEWS from Cincinnati, O., to Dec. 11 is furnished by our correspondent as follows: "The new appearances at the Vine-street Opera-house 6 were Tom Sayers, Shed Le Clair, John Till's Royal Marionettes, and Madge Alston; the burlesque of 'Our Babies' formed the afterpiece. Business good. Pauline Markham Smith is already negotiating for the Apollo Theatre, a cosy little place, seating 1,000 persons, with its location as a principal objection. All the above-named, excepting the McAvoys and Ed. Barrett, were to have closed 11 to make room for the Sweatnam's Juvenile Colored 'Pinafore' Company, who have been playing in St. John, N. B., are booked for the Academy of Music, Halifax, N. S.

WILL. S. SMITH'S BELLRINGERS played in Bridgewater, N. Y., Dec 6, Unadilla Forks 7, Leonardsville 8, Clarkville 9, and Richfield Springs 10. W. G. Howe, agent, joined in Utica.

PROF. R. MAZZIOTTA, leader of orchestra, wants an engagement in a variety theatre. See card.

THE NEW MUSICAL by Mark Mayfair, "The Moonlight Soft is Falling," which was first heard last Summer at Brighton Beach, Coney Island, where Sig. Liberati made it one of his popular concert-solos with Nicodemo's Band, and more recently in this city, where Arbuckle's Band has made it known, is a graceful, charming song, well fitted for a place in a pleasing, popular repertory. It is written in F, with a chorus, and runs from B below to F, twelve notes. Various arrangements, including band and orchestra parts, can be obtained at Mr. Mayfair's advertised address.

VARIETY HALLS.

The Clipper Almanac.—Such of our advertisers as intend to insert cards in the next edition of this widely-circulated and popular annual should forward their copy so as to reach this office not later than Dec. 23. Rates and other particulars are published in our advertising department.

FIRE!—Mitchell's Theatre Comique, an old landmark, and the oldest theatrical building in the city, says our St. Louis correspondent, "was completely destroyed by fire on Thursday, Dec. 9. The fire originated through a defective furnace-flue under the stage, and burned with remarkable rapidity, leaving only parts of the four walls standing. The building was owned by Baker & Fales of Philadelphia, and was by them leased to W. C. Mitchell, who in turn rented it to W. H. Smith, the last manager. The latter's loss is inconsiderable. If the coming holiday business may be excepted, the theatre had a frontage of 84 feet on Pine street near Fourth, by a depth of 131 feet. It was erected in 1851 by John Bates, then owner of the National Theatre in Cincinnati, O., and has been successively known as Bates', St. Louis, De Bar's and Comique Theatre. 'Guy Mannering,' with Charlotte Cushman

POKER.

To draw or not to draw—that is the question.
Whether 'tis safer in the player to take
The awful risk of skinning for a straight,
Or, standing pat, to raise 'm all the limit,
And thus, by bluffing, get it. To draw—to skin
No more—and by that skin to get a full
Or two pair, or the fattest bounein' kings
That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To draw, to skin;
To skin; perchance to burst—aye, there's the rub!
For in that draw of three what cards may come,
When we have shuffled off the uncertain pack,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
Which makes calamity of a bobtail flush.
For who would bear the overwhelming blind,
The reckless straddle, the wait on the edge,
The insolence of pat hands, and the lifts
That patient merit of the bluffer takes,
When he himself might be much better off
By simply passing? Who would trays up hold,
And go out on a small progressive raise,
But that the dread of something after call,
The undiscovered ace-full, to whose strength
Such hands must bow, puzzles the will
And makes us rather keep the chips we have
Than be errions about hands we know not of?
Thus bluffing doth make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of a four-heart flush
Is sicklied with some dark and cursed club,
And speculators in a jackpot's wealth,
With this regard their interests turn away,
And lose the right to open.—*St. Louis Republican.*

A SOUL-PILGRIM:

A MYSTERY OF MAGIC AND SOMNAMBULISM.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JAMES WIGHT.

CHAPTER I.—A TIGER OVERBOARD.

It was a damp, foggy morning in that eastern portion of London of which Radcliff Highway is the principal, frouzy thoroughfare. There was a dismal mist hanging over the river at St. Katharine's Docks. The ship Lord Clive had arrived from Calcutta, and among other freight had brought a tiger of immense size and much beauty. A gentleman of almost Anglo-Egyptian and unmistakable German origin, with a blonde and rosy face and a substantial, vigorous look about him, is standing at the foot of the gangway, ready to welcome his growling bargain. Presently he steps on board to superintend the transfer of his property from the ship to the van.

"Steady there!" he cries, as the men who were raising the cage allowed it to strike rather violently against the bulwark, while, at the same time, the brute gave a savage growl and showed us formidably-furnished jaws.

"Steady, I tell you!" the Herculean Teuton again cries in a louder tone, as one of the rollers on which the cage is traveling across the deck slips from its place. The animal runs to and fro furiously bound within his narrow limits, and yells ferociously. The next instant there is a wild cry among the men as they retreat in terror. The woodwork has given way, and the animal is free. Roaring an open-ling. Before the blonde giant can command the situation, the mad beast has writhed himself into freedom and bounds along the deck. For an instant there is a terrible panic. Faces that a moment before were full of health assume a ghastly pallor. The huge Teuton looks a shade paler, not from fear, you may be sure, but from anxiety, as he shouts in stentorian tones:

"Everybody stand perfectly still!"

Hardly were the words uttered when a long, lank, mahogany-colored face, with glaring black eyes, appeared above the hatchway. Quickly a white arm was thrust forward, and the head belonging the *tout ensemble* of an extraordinarily wild and handsome-looking human being. Without pausing an instant, this mysterious apparition glided rather than ran after the grinning, growling animal. "Sirdar! Sirdar! Sirdar!"

The brute turned like lightning, made a movement as if to bound upon the rash man, but, as suddenly changing its mind, crouched down. The wark and shot overboard into the water. Without a moment's hesitation the mahogany-colored mystery also dived overboard.

The action had been so sudden that nobody had been able to utter a single warning or reproof. A simultaneous rush was now made to the vessel's side. The tiger and the man were swimming together towards the dock-stairs.

"Ah, he knows the fellow!" exclaimed the owner of the animal. "Make haste with the cage; back the van to the stairs; we shall easily secure him, with that Indian fellow's assistance."

The sequel showed that the confidence was well founded. The tiger was captured and placed on the van, which, after proceeding along a short street or two, turned up Radcliff Highway and came to a halt in front of a curious-looking building that bore this legend:

JAMRACH,
NATURALIST AND IMPORTER OF ANIMALS,
BIRDS AND SHELLS.

Dripping wet, with a bunch of seaweed on his face, the Indian followed the van, as the huge proprietor is about to enter the shop, he thus perceives the stranger, and, grabbing him with familiar kindness by the shoulder, cries:

"Come in. I owe you something for your assistance."

The Hindoo's black eyes have a mild, puzzled, far-away look, as they enter a small room next to the street. A parrot close to the door screams them a welcome. "Come in," says the bird; "bless your soul, it's all right; we won't hurt you." The wild-beast man begins by expressing his surprise at meeting a native Hindoo on board, inquires the object of his visit to this country, and winds up by offering to serve him in any way that may be indicated. Either the Hindoo is unacquainted with the English tongue or he pretends to be, for he simply shakes his head and maintains a solemn silence. Jamrach pulls out three sovereigns, and tenders them to the native. The Hindoo, who starts back with a profound genuflexion, glides sideways into the street, and is soon lost to sight amid the motley blackguard crowd that usually infests the region of the docks and roughhare.

"Donner and blitzen!" mutters the naturalist in his native tongue. "I wish that fellow would stay with me; but I suppose, poor fellow, he is crazy."

CHAPTER II.—AN APOSTATE BRAHMIN.

The scene changes to a pleasant breakfast-parlor in the suburbs of London. To a cheerful little party of six, with whom she is evidently *en rapport*, Miss Dorothea Hays is relating some of her traveling experiences in India, whence she has been about three months returned.

"Then as to the conveyance of your person from place to place," says Dorothea, "India supplies you with three several modes of locomotion, on which there is no mistaking the preference. Now is the most pleasure in the enjoyment of this celebrated Oriental luxury. Between your head and the glowing sun there is merely half an inch of plank, covered with a thin mat, which is supposed to be, but never is, watered. After a day's ride you will hesitate which to hate most—your bearers' monotonous, measured, jolting, jarring gait or the heat, or their jolting, jerking, shambling, staggering gait when tired. In a perpetual state of low fever, you cannot eat, drink or sleep; your mouth burns, your head throbs, your back aches, and your temper becomes atrocious."

Everybody laughed, and a gentleman who had been cursorily glancing over *The Times* during lapses in the conversation said:

"They quite agree at present at the Katharine Docks yesterday, while disembarking a magnificent Bengal tiger, consigned to the famous wild-beast dealer Jamrach. The animal would have probably escaped but for the assistance of a Hindoo."

He was requested to read the account, which he did. The facts were narrated as we have given them to the reader; but the article wound up by stating that "the Hindoo's appearance at this opportune moment was a surprise to all. Nobody on board the Lord Clive had ever seen him before, neither before the ship sailed from Calcutta nor during the voyage. It was, therefore, the opinion of the first officer that he had been a stowaway; but how he had contrived to subsist during the somewhat long voyage no one attempted to explain."

Miss Hays listened to the account with an eager, absorbed attention, almost painful to behold.

"Is that all?" she inquired, with a disappointed air, when the reader ceased. "It is very curious—very curious," she musingly remarked, and then, after a pause, "I feel sure that, my friends, there is something very mysterious in this. We have probably not heard the last of that Hindoo, for he not only is acquainted with the tiger that he terms 'Sirdar,' or chief, but he has a secret mission to this country, connected in some manner with his religion —or else I am much mistaken."

There was something deliciously sensational and occult in this suggestion, and every pupil-distended eye was turned upon Dorothea.

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed one of the ladies; "I hope the swarthy, ill-looking fellow will not murder us all in our beds."

"How stupid it was of the newspaper man not to describe the Hindoo!" said Dorothea, not heeding the interruption.

"Well, I presume, that was unnecessary," interjected a gentleman; "as I understand it, Hindoos are very much alike."

"You have been misinformed, sir," said Dorothea, with unusual asperity; "nothing could be further from the fact; there is as much dissimilarity among the Hindoos as among individuals of other races. Some of them are handsome-looking, it is true; but others, again, are exceedingly handsome—*beautiful, I should call them.*"

The subject dropped. A word or two of personal description of the last speaker is in order here.

Before the meeting Miss Hays was what is ludicously-developed figure; pale-golden hair, rippling over a smooth, alabaster forehead; violet eyes, shaded by brown lashes; a mouth that would have pleased a lover rather than an artist; a complexion of pale-rose on surface, with subtle rose-tints about it when you looked more closely. Such was the *ci-devant* of Dorothea Hays, ætat eighteen.

It ought to be added that she was a veritable human lily, conveying the idea of an Aphrodite seen through the wrong end of a telescope. Of high-wrought sensibilities, a romantic temperament, and a spirituelle nature, she possessed in a conspicuous degree those mental and personal peculiarities with which we are accustomed to associate the possession of clairvoyant gifts.

The daughter of an Indian officer, she had been a universal pet and drawing-room star in Calcutta, as well as at "Ooty"—the fashionable mountain-resort of the Anglo-Indian. She was a charming vocalist, and no aristocratic tiffin party had been reckoned complete without her. The Prince of Wales had expressed his admiration of her abilities—with a bow—while thrown in about her beauty—with unusual warmth; while half of the young officers in the Bengal Presidency literally raved about her.

All this was more or less known to the party assembled at breakfast. It was also known that certain circumstances of a romantic kind, the particulars of which, however, had been carefully withheld, had hastened the departure of Miss Hays from India.

At the grand concert given by the Neilgherry sojourners in honor of the visit of the Prince of Wales Miss Hays carried off the vocal honors. Besides the sanitarians and pleasure-seekers peculiar to the place, a large and miscellaneous audience, only to be found in India, was assembled on the occasion. There were officers, coffee-planters, speculators in silk and mulberry trees, *ci-devant* young men famous for giving ostentatious feeds, misanthropes with undarked livers, hermits who haunted out-of-the-way abodes, civilians on the shelf, authors, linguists, Oriental students and amateur divines. Among the motley assemblage was a young Hindoo of high caste who was engaged in studying for the Buddhist priesthood. Despite the awful import of his vows, he had laid aside the Sacred Books, and for the time being thought less of Nirvona, the final Bliss, than of Dorothea Hays, the vocal angel.

When the young neophyte Brahmin left that concert his existence was a withered hope. His heart drooped beneath its own excess of sensibility. Love had blossomed within his bosom, but it needs must be crushed and self-blighted. In his mind was lighted a vision of Elysium beyond what earth, with all its virtue and beauty, could give him. He beheld a spectral Utopia. His life henceforth became a fever. He became an Asiatic Endymion, with his lone heart preying on its own sensibility.

If the wild stories of the "Ooty" habitues are to be credited, the young neophyte lived the life of an ascetic or fakir, and practiced thaumaturgy. He became a miracle-worker, and could evoke spirits by music and peculiar vapors. But, with all his increasing efficacy in the occult secrets of nature, he was borne down by the solemn consciousness that he had forfeited his soul-life. He was convinced that his soul had become incarnated in the beautiful form of Dorothea Hays, and wherever she went he gladly followed as a pilgrim. From the Neilgherry Mountains to Calcutta, from Calcutta to Delhi, this strange Brosian Zealot followed the witching little vocalist, turning mournfully upon her, when opportunity offered, his large, soft, velvety eyes. He was very handsome—"beautiful as a god in bronze," as some of the gushing Anglo-Indian demoiselles used to say.

Dorothea was flattered by his silent homage. Many an hour she mused on him, as he stood in silent adoration before her window in the moonlight. Once or twice she had approached him and tried to converse with him; but he seemed to be overwhelmed by the beauty of her presence, and either fled or prostrated himself face downward on the earth. At first sorry for this singular young man, Dorothea began to think of him more than was good for her. He became the phantom of her waking dreams. She began to anticipate the pleasure of seeing him. She loved, she was developing into a monomaniac, just as the neophyte himself had already become a fanatic.

Before long a system of soul-telegraphy, such as we all experience in a greater or less degree, was established between them. She would start from the piano or from a book and hasten to the window to see him waiting for her appearance with trance-like gaze. Her mother began to notice the growing infatuation. She scolded her daughter without avail. She consulted a physician, and was told that the apostate Brahmin had most probably established a mesmeric power over the infatuated girl—such things had been heard of in India. Dorothea ridiculed the idea. She told her mother plainly that she loved the young Brahmin with all her heart and soul, and that she could never love anyone else.

"We shall see what your father says about this pernicious nonsense," said Mrs. Hays in mighty dudgeon.

Colonel Hays was several hundred miles away with his regiment. Persecution had its usual effect. Dorothea passionately vowed to die or marry. She laid aside maidenly delicacy, and threw herself in the Hindoo's path. She offered him flowers, and gazed on him with melting tenderness. The poor wretch was so acutely sensitive that he could never muster courage even to touch her hand. The condition of the pair as lovers was worse than that of Abelard and Heloise, or of any of the fabled lovers of antiquity, for her passion was sensuous, while his was etherealized.

More than likely the earthy affection would have been developed in him, had not an incident occurred that broke off their intercourse forever. Wandering like the lover into a shrubbery under the bungalow one evening, a gigantic tiger bounded upon her from his ambush. Her destruction would have been but the work of a moment, had not the young Brahmin sprung between her and the opposite side of the path, and uttered a wild cry. Instantly the savage animal desisted. He raised his paw from the shoulder of the prostrate girl, and bounded back into the thicket. The Hindoo had received a dangerous wound in the shoulder. This accomplished, he prostrated himself on his face, and awaited her return to consciousness.

In this startling juxtaposition the servants of the bungalow found Dorothea beside their master's mistress. Of course, the incident caused a profound sensation, and the opportune arrival of Colonel Hays next day brought this romantic intercourse between "the amalgamated Hindoo of those men outdid a chapter out of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainment," or of Madame Blavatsky's "Iris Unveiled." Vampires, the dead absorbing vitality from the living, the virtue of fresh-spilt blood to distant spirits, the transmigration of reincarnation and of losing the soul-life, the power of cutting out the bowels and then healing the hurt, were a few of the topics the wondering manager heard discussed as facts.

"What the devil can this Hindoo be doing in England?" he asked.

"You ask me too much," replied the officer; "but he is evidently in quest of someone—someone, probably, that has wronged him, or his caste, or his religion; more than likely he has conceived some wild infatuation for a woman."

At Newcastle, before starting on the northern tour to Berwick-on-Tweed and Edinburgh, the manager witnessed another weird incantation scene in the menagerie at midnight. As before, the man, boy, animals and pentacola were enveloped in a pale luminous flame. As before, the man bade the boy look at his hand. Precisely the same questions and answers followed, until the final one:

"Will she be glad to see me?"

"She sees you, but she is asleep; the mist comes over me, and I cannot see through it; I am tired."

"I say," the manager, "I would be glad to be surprised—if the stories one hears are true—if the whole menagerie and everybody connected with it were transformed into a cattle-show or a horse-market, or something of the kind."

Once again the manager beheld the scene of midnight incantation. The show had reached the outskirts of Edinburgh, and was resting for the night, preparatory to a grand triumphal entry on the morrow.

Nearly the same conditions prevailed. The luminous haze, the chart, the boy, the man and the tiger were as previously.

"Are we on the right road?" asked the Hindoo of the boy, gazing into the palm of his hand with closed eyes.

"No," the boy answered, "we have come too far."

"Then Sirdar is not leading us right."

"He is not leading us right—now."

"Whither ought we to proceed?"

"Backwards, and in that direction," pointing southeastward.

"Can you see her?"

"Yes, I can see her; she is walking among trees; she is seeking for someone."

"Is she seeking for me? Look!"

"The mist has come again; I cannot tell who she is looking for."

Then deep darkness prevailed, and at the same moment lions, tigers, leopards, elephants, bears, wolves and the rest screamed, roared, yelled, barked and blared as if pandemonium had broken loose. Frightened from their sleep, and protracted around like men betwitched. It was some minutes ere they could obtain a light. With a lamp they looked from cage to cage for the cause of the disturbance. There was but one animal in the tiger's cage—the malignant brute Sirdar had escaped.

"Run for the blackamoor!" cried Jelf.

The man came back, and reported that he also was missing.

"I'm stunned!" cried Jelf, with a sudden flush of inspiration, "if that coffee-colored rascal hasn't gone off with the best animal in the show?"

In the morning a band of searchers was organized, and the city police were notified. All over the queen's dominions, Arthur's Seat, the Salisbury Crags and the roads leading southward and eastward into Haddington were carefully but unavailingly searched. It was evident that the fugitives had avoided the roads, and had made their way through fields and private parks with which the neighborhood abounds.

Meantime, fifteen miles to the southeast, Fate was preparing to lift the curtains of the glorious Summer morning. Angelo Yester Hall, yesterday Miss Hays had been moody and restless. She had wept hysterically, and she had laughed hysterically. She had wandered about the gardens of Yester Hall like one perturbed. She had eaten nothing, and towards night the family-doctor from Haddington had been called in. He had examined the patient, and prescribed a soothing draught.

"Give her a teaspoonful at bedtime, and if she doesn't sleep in an hour give her another teaspoonful," the doctor had said to Mrs. Hays when he left.

Early in the evening the medicine was left at the hall. It was colorless as water; but it had an unpleasant smell. Just before the young lady retired from the domestic who took it in at the door, Dorothea smelled it, cried "Ugh! the nasty stuff!" emptied it, and filled it up with pure water. At bedtime she took one teaspoonful, and then another without remonstrance. Her mother was surprised and pleased, and retired to her own room with allayed apprehensions.

After midnight the unfortunate young lady got up in her sleep and walked downstairs. As early as five in the morning a melancholy and fearful spectacle saluted the eyes of one of the dairymaids. Walking along the parapet of the eastern wing of the old hall was Dorothea. The girl's knees shook under her, but she dared not speak. Half fainting, she tottered to the house and summoned assistance. In a few minutes all the inmates were gazing up in tearful silence at the young girl in her terrific promenade. Sometimes she sat down on the dizzy edge of the parapet, sometimes made an apparent effort to dress her hair. Assistance was summoned from all sides, and various means of preservation were resorted to. In a few minutes the ground underneath was thickly strewn with straw and feather-beds. Nets were suspended and sheets were fastened from the windows.

All this time the poor girl was walking in the perfect unconsciousness of her beauty, sometimes gazing at the rising sun, and at others singing and talking to herself. Some persons succeeded in getting on the roof, but dared not approach her for fear of the consequences if they awoke her. Towards nine o'clock she approached the very edge of the parapet, leaned forward, and gazed anxiously to a copse of evergreens at a little distance. Everyone felt that the moment of the catastrophe had come. Every heart gave one big heave, and then stood still. Leaning over, and still looking towards the copse, she said:

"Make haste, my love; I have waited so long—oh, so long!"

As if moved by a common impulse, every head was turned in the direction of the copse. In front of the foremost rhododendron bush stood a strange, solitary figure, with head bent and hands folded across his breast, as if in adoration.

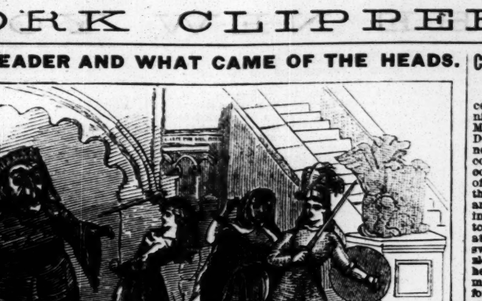
"Come, my love!" the somnambulist shrieked.

Her last effort woke her. She gazed fearfully around. She put her hand to her eyes and forehead, as if she were lost, while her body swayed to and fro. Two men behind her rushed towards her. It was too late. Uttering a piercing scream, which was echoed by the figure on the copse-side, she fell down dead on the straw below. She had not been bruised by the fall; she had breathed her last ere she fell.

On the greensward by the rhododendron lay the dead Hindoo—his pilgrimage ended—his soul-shrine found at last. And in the neighboring churchyard she sleeps under a weeping-willow while he reposes under a yew, emblematic of his unchangeable devotion.

The tiger was safely secured and taken back to the menagerie, but after the death of his master the animal pined away. As for the orphan boy, nobody appears to have seen him since that fatal night, and nobody apparently manifests any interest in his fate. Indeed, the people of the menagerie firmly believe to this day that the Hindoo, the boy and the tiger Sirdar were all members of one suspicious family, the head of which is not usually mentioned in polite society.

A DOUBLE-HEADER AND WHAT CAME OF THE HEADS.



THE SPECTACULAR DRAMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Let others find pleasure in tragedy stern,
And sup on the horrors it offers;
Or let them for comedy foolishly yearn
Who delight in such meat as it proffers;
Let variety, opera and minstrelsy share
The praise of the critics' vernacular;
But, in place of them all, give to me, I declare,
The dazzling drama spectacular!

For fairy-land here discloses itself
In all its bewildering glory,
And demon and gnome and goblin and elf
Unravel a wonderful story.
And something more real than a play it seems,
In its splendor and glittering glamour,
This full realisation of wonder-land's dreams—
The gay spectacular drama!

Pray, what could Aladdin—that fortunate scamp—
Do now to amaze or astound us?
He never could run from his wonderful lamp
Such genii as here confound us:
And the thousand-and-one Arabian Nights
Were as tame as a panorama,
Compared with the more than marvelous sights
Of the bright spectacular drama!

The prince of this realm is fair to behold,
And always a damsel pretty,
For masculine princes might do of old,
But not in this age or city;
And the graceful lines of her rounded form
Cause many a breast to ranzle,
While even the blood of a churl would warm
At the sight of her dainty ankle!

And she leads an army of Amazons,
All pretty, and whom, as a duty,
The true connoisseur with opera-glass cons,
The better to feast on their beauty.
And we know the prince will certainly slay
The terrible two-headed giant;
And she house will applaud, as well it may,
This feminine David defiant!

When the world seems insipid, and life grows stale,
And your pulse sinks down to stagnation;
When all other sources of pleasure fail,
And you long for exhilaration;
Don't seek it, my friend, if you're wise, in the cup,
But fly upon a pantomime journey,
If a possible thing, just brace yourself up
On a dose of the drama spectacular!

V. B.

A CRUCIAL TEST;

OR,

THE ARTIST AND THE MODEL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

"Modesty is but the abstraction of an idea. It belongs to false education, not to nature, and is altogether foreign and contrary to it. It is the outgrowth of a corrupt civilization, the perverted theory entertained of what is 'proper,' the attempt to draw a distinctive line of social ethics, to cover up the aesthetic and fine imagination by sensuous suggestions," said Claude Beardsley oracularly, and with an emphatic waving of brush and pallet.

"That sounds very grandiloquent, but lacks the essential of truth," replied Wilde Kirkland, blowing the smoke of his cigar from his moustached lips with almost fierce disdain and the positiveness of riper years and more varied experience.

"Not true, O reverend Mentor?"

"Decidedly not; and if I am to be exhalated to the station of him you name, it would be well for you to give patient heed to my counsel, O Telemachus!" was answered with cynical accent.

"Not true?" repeated Claude ponderously. "You reason from prejudice, from the Puritanic notions instilled when young."

"And proven by age."

"How? As falsely colored by the world. Look at the matter as it truly stands. The infant knows nothing of false modesty—she barbarians very little, if at all. You visit the opera, the ball, and find such a display of womanly charms as would shock you in the drawing-room. You blush (or pretend to) before the most perfect and beautiful original that is simply idealized upon canvas or in the marble. All of Art in its highest development is simply an attempt at reproduction, and how can that be done without studying nature?"

"I know Art is comparative, but that which lacks modesty is not Art, but a degradation of it."

"Yet the nearer to nature the more the accomplishment of its mission."

"In a general sense only. All the world-renowned statues, all the world-famous paintings of the human form are so veiled, as it were, by modesty as to elevate them above even the suspicion of grossness and sensuality."

"Yet the world sees both in them, and, putting its hands before its overmodest eyes, looks through the fingers." And the young artist threw aside his cap and brush, ran his fingers through his masses of richly-tinted, curling brown hair, and laughed merrily at his own mental picture.

"Say that the world questions rather the means by which they were wrought, than the end accomplished. I speak of those who would probe the muddy source of a spring, forgetful of the sparkling beauty and laughing, sun-kissed ripples of the fountain."

"In plain words, it condemns using human models?"

"Yes; and there you must concede that modesty steps in and confronts ambition."

"True; but the world does not know of what it is talking. It makes no objection against the Physician, but the moment Art desires knowledge its hands are raised, and it cries out: "*C'est une belle horreur.*"

"In a measure, but only so, are you right. There are limits to Art, as well as to other things, and there should never be any beyond," replied Kirkland gravely. "Rightly understood, it would hold before the sex a shield as impenetrable as those of the priestesses of Vesta!"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Claude contemptuously; "I'm disgusted with such nonsense. Everything should and must bow to art."

"Then you are of opinion that women do not in the least disgrace or compromise themselves by acting as models."

"I am, most decidedly."

"That being nude for men to gaze upon does not blunt the finer sensibility of their nature?"

"You seem to forget that it is artists alone who see them thus, and with them beauty of form is so idealized and they are so intent upon their work that nothing else enters their mind. Let a stranger, however, enter the studio, and the Eve instantly envelops herself in the wrappings of society. This you have seen a hundred times."

"That does not answer my question. According to your idea, any woman, no matter who she may be, would not lose your respect by acting as a model—say for Venus at the baths, or Dame when blinded by the shower of gold?"

"Once for all I answer—no!"

"And you could love and make a wife of one who had followed such an occupation?"

"Yes," answered Claude; "for purity doth hedge a true woman even as dignity is said to hedge a king. But enough of this. I'm off for a walk. Will you go with me?"

"Not now. I have a dream that must be worked out."

"A dream of fair women, *a la* Tennyson," laughed Claude, striking a tragic attitude. "I have had many such day-dreams, but, my dear fellow:

All those sharp fancies by down-lapsing thought
Stream'd onward, lost their edges, and did creep,
Roll'd up like rainbow, rounded, smooth'd and brought
Into the gulfs of sleep."

Wilde Kirkland was not one of the class of artists who bowed down in reverence to the "French school." His early training had been too severe, and his estimate of woman was too high. He could see the beauty wrought by chisel, could appreciate the cold chastity of the marble when touched by the divinity of genius, but did not believe it the mission of mankind generally, and especially that of his young friend—that his was not a nature to be so tried and come forth untarnished, and especially ——

Behind the curtain of his thoughts suddenly lighted a fresh cigar, and went forth to enjoy a moonlight ramble with a heart ever beating responsive "to the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome." But for days he saw nothing of Claude Beardsley, knew little of his movements, seemed entirely occupied with his own affairs, particularly in working upon a large canvas that, when finished, to judge by the shadowy outlines, was to be a picture of Eden, with "sinless Eve" as the central figure. But little or default had been accomplished when his young friend came to see him, took in the entire idea at a glance, and exclaimed exultantly:

"So, Wilde, you have given up your old-fogy notions?"

"Yes, I am determined you young sprigs shall not carry off all the glory, even if ——"

"You have to trample under foot all your notions of propriety, and—"

"But how about a model?"

"I have one," Kirkland answered dryly.

"Beautiful, of course?"

"Yes. To-morrow I shall be 'copying nature.' The young lady will be here, and you can judge for yourself."

"I shall not fail," and, laughing a trifle maliciously, he added: "It will be richness to see how you blush, and ——"

"Reserve your raptures until you have occasion for them, Claude."

"Sore, old fellow, are you? I do not wonder. You have been so long veiling your eyes to nature it makes you tremble even to think of its unhidden beauties."

"To-morrow will decide."

"Till then adieu," and Claude Beardsley departed, whistling merrily the stirring strains of the "Marseillaise."

True to his appointment, Claude Beardsley visited the studio of his brother artist the next morning, and saw curtains and light arranged as never before—arranged (as he fancied) for theatrical effect. Wilde Kirkland was before his easel, brush in hand. Claude looked at him sharply to see what was passing in his mind. But never was face more masked.

"All ready?" he questioned, glancing round in the crimson semi-light.

"Yes. I was waiting for you, Claude."

"For me, Wilde?"

"For your judgment as to the model, the position, if the absence of drapery would be sufficient to enable me to carry out my inspiration."

"Ah! I see. Your modesty would not bear the strain of the first test. But where is she whose beauty is to be made immortal as that of Juno?"

Wilde Kirkland pointed to a large serpentine curtain. Claude turned down back, and gave me the benefit of your experience."

With a light heart and amused expression Claude Beardsley stepped forward, and with an impatient pull of the silken cord drew aside the screening folds. Then, as if before him lay a huge serpent, coiled, with flashing eyes and ready to strike, he staggered back, breathing hoarsely:

"My God! this is too much."

Before him lay upon a crimson couch a young and strikingly beautiful woman, with eyes of heaven's own blue, with long golden hair, unloosed and floating as a veil over neck and bosom, and but dimly revealing the snowy whiteness of skin from beneath. The exquisitely moulded feet and arms were bare. Across her was thrown the spotted skin of a leopard, and her attitude and the arrangements of garments were far more of suggestion than disclosure.

"Will the lady answer for a model? Is there sufficient of classical nudeness?" questioned Kirkland mockingly.

"Scoundrel! villain!" hissed Claude, springing towards him, pistol in hand, "your life shall pay for this insult."

"Claude, my darling," whispered a sweet voice in his ear, a soft hand was laid upon his arm. "For your love of me, put up that weapon and listen."

"Eolia!"

She sprang into his arms as he turned towards her, her head was upon his breast and her eyes were burning with the passionate fires of love.

"Yes, Claude," and she clung still closer.

"But Wilde Kirkland?" he questioned fiercely.

The latter artist had disappeared. He stood alone with his bride that was soon to be, and heard from to him, the dearest lips of earth the elucidation of the mystery. But a few days later he and Kirkland met, and Claude Frankly extended his hand, saying:

"Forgive me, Wilde."

"I have nothing to forgive. For the sake of Eolia, for your own sake, I determined upon a test, even if a grave risk, and I won the ideal."

"But she, Eolia, is to be my wife, is the sister of my dearest friend."

"And so it is with all girls. They are sisters of somebody, beloved by somebody. Others may not be half as fortunate as I, Claude, and give her up to me; and I, being rather put out at my butter having taken all the morning to come, when it was baking-day too, said I should be glad enough if he liked to be away all the week, for there would be one less to clean and bake for. I didn't mean it, and I hated myself all the while I said it; and when Val said nothing, but began talking to Dorothy, I felt as if I should like to have a good cry; and I did so when I got up and said good-bye, and started off to catch the little steamer that went once a week to the diggings from our wharf. I ran to the window once to see if I could catch a sight of his back going down the avenue; but he was in the hammock, out of view; so I had another cry then, and was quite hideous to look at all the rest of the day, with my eyes red and swelled and my nose double its size. The next day I got up quite resolved to curb my sharp tongue for the future, and be kind to Val. So spent the whole morning as soon as he came home from his cricket-match, for having been so surly; and then, as the sun was shining and the whole world waking up full of joy, I chased Val and ran down singing like one of the tuis in the orchard. First to the dairy to skim the great yellow pans, and set the milk-pails in the yard for Jake and Ben, then to the kitchen to light a fire, then to sweep and set breakfast, and then, it being now six o'clock, and neither mother nor poor Dorothy stirring, to the orchard with a basket to gather fruit before the sun spoiled it. "Val! Val! Val will be home to-night," I kept saying to myself, and, being no one in the orchard to hear me, I said it over and over to the tuis and mocomocos in the peach-trees. Ah! how full of happiness the world seemed that morning, and what good resolves I made while I picked the finest peaches and grapes for Val's supper.

"All day long my happiness lasted, and then, when night fell and there was no sign of my lover, though I had set out the daintiest little supper in the kitchen, and had put on one of my new chintz gowns to please his eye, I felt my heart like lead, my heart would break, and Dorothy could not comfort me. And, while I lay weeping on my bed, a sudden storm swept down on us, beating against the window and tearing boughs off the nearest trees, and making us all tremble and listen in spite of ourselves. Dorothy came in with a shawl round her and the baby, to nestle close to me, and mother soon followed her; Bernard was down at Hitterri, and Val had left him at Awanui, and I had my own sore heart about my own Val. Mother took a sensible view of his not coming. "Of course, dear heart, he would not set out in such weather—in fact, he couldn't, for the boat wouldn't run if the storm was down at Hitterri; so take comfort, Bell. Val will be here to-morrow, by God's mercy." But I was not reasonable, and could not take comfort. And all the next three days it was storm raged and lashed and tore round our little house, and all those days no Val! Jake brought in word from the village that the steamer had not returned, nor had any news been heard of her since she started; and so it came to the night before my birthday, and I had cried till I had no more tears to shed!

Mother and Dorothy had given up saying comforting things now, and I saw them exchanging grave looks at times. Bernard had ridden up from Hitterri, but there was no letter for me, and I made a fabulous sum. A red-hot scimitar is then drawn across Strogoff's eyes, and, with a shriek, the brave fellow informs the audience that he has been transformed into another Œdipus. Ogareff profits by the first moment of his enemy's blindness to possess himself of the Imperial dispatches, and then, in obedience to the mandate of the Koran, the victim of the Emir's cruelty is proclaimed inviolable, the persons of children, idiots, and the sightless, declared safe. Strogoff profits by the permission for the time being to enter a hospital, and there the detestable Diana of Ingmire, the detestable Diana as an infant is seen to be the child of Nadia, who escaped from prison, and, reuniting her own child, Christol, who, for his crime of Diana, obtains the pardon of the Emir, who, for his fidelity to the Imperial throne, makes him a chief of the army. Strogoff, however, before being made prisoner by the Tartars, who bring him to the camp of the Emir Feofar, where he finds himself in company with Marfa, Nadia and the daring reporters, Ivan Ogareff is also there, and, espying the latter, feigns to be deaf and spear, I believe, and in any case the traitor is as much master in the camp as the Emir himself. Ogareff is fully persuaded that Michel is among his prisoners, and he knows that the old woman is his mother. To discover her son, therefore, he orders Marfa to be put to the torture; but at this ordeal Strogoff's patience and duty draw the line. He bounds forward, snatches the knout, uprooted from the hands of the executioner, and, springing at Ogareff with the rapidity and fury of a tiger, returns with interest in the villain's face the blow the latter had struck him at Ichim. This is a powerful situation, the finest in the piece if it be properly treated, and produced a thrilling sustained. Double is now at an end, and the prisoner has revealed himself to be bearer of the Czar's dispatches. Of course his doom is sealed, but the Emir, who is a religious man, attached to the letter of and permits the Koran as to the punishment to be inflicted on the young man, and reads therein that he must be deprived of his sight. Before the operation, with a refinement of cruelty which we are expected to suppose is thoroughly Oriental, fete and ballet are given, in which all that can charm the eye and senses is shown to inspire the poor wretch with regret for the pleasures of life; this barbaric spectacle must have cost the manager a pretty penny, for it is accompanied by Mongolian dwarfs, not at all unlike Strogoff's eyes, and, with a shriek, the brave fellow informs the audience that he has been transformed into another Œdipus. Ogareff profits by the first moment of his enemy's blindness to possess himself of the Imperial dispatches, and then, in obedience to the mandate of the Koran, the victim of the Emir's cruelty is proclaimed inviolable, the persons of children, idiots, and the sightless, are declared safe. 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GN SHOW NEWS.

OPEAN NOVELTIES.

Michel Strogoff"

and Verne's dramatization of one contained in the latter's series of Travels"—was, after a preparation , produced Nov. 17 at the Chatelet n a style of magnificence unusual nch capital. A correspondent tells ows: "The curtain rises on a hand- the palace of the Governor of Mos- ews has come that hordes of Tar- orders of the Emir of Bokhara have , and are infesting Irkutsk, where e, brother of the Czar, is shut handful of troops. An army is eir relief; but, as the telegraph wires here is no means of communicating f telling them to hold their ground day, on which if they make a sor- will be taken between two fires. y resource can only be had to some will risk his life in an attempt to e lines. Michel Strogoff is such a motto of his life is 'for God, the ountry;' he is, moreover, a native Oural Mountains, and knows every h in those wild regions. As captain 's messengers, his trustworthiness are well known, and, in a word, he for the dangerous mission on which rt him off. The duel between Michel, n his person the fate of the Grand ered forces, perhaps even that of the Tartar army, forms the nucleus of econd scene is so splendid that the d a subsequent disappointment of by beginning with such a display . It represents Moscow illumin- st of a popular fete, with countless al the gilded domes and minarets l public buildings, with the Krem- ground. Here we have not only a allet, but a grand military display, t imposing ever seen on a stage—a *Mambeaux*, executed to a stirr- rranged specially for this oc- erry Rubinstein, the music of the spectators to enthusiasm, gins with drums and trumpets; low the gold-embroidered uni- amous Preobrajensky regiment of rds, succeeded by the Empress' unted on tall horses, with silver d helmets. It is the band of this ich executes the Triumphal March, capitally trained and the spectacle perfect taste. The effect when the ving made a circuit of the stage, ned plane at the back, and range lose order from wing to wing, was the audience was carried away by had the curtain brought up three d cheering. Such a marvelous certainly never been seen on any ne it ought to insure the suc- atter it begins the dramatic action. and quarters in the parts of gallant slow in showing themselves. Mis- erchant, and traveling under the as Korpanoff he has made his way ge in the house of the Oural, where es, obtaining for his tarantass the There he meets another traveler, *oggnito*—the villain of the piece, a named Ivan Ogareff, a traitor who ty of the story. Sir Garrow ay Fawne, finding he is mistaken for Gregory Goldsmith, one of the friends, keeps up the illusion in order to have an excuse to be near Stella, with whom he has fallen in love at first sight. In vain Stella tells the Norway that she is the wife of another. He cannot resist her fascinations, while the young lady herself is delighted to think that she will thus be able readily to prove his constancy. Meanwhile Dagmar is pursuing similar sport with Scott Ramsay, a poet full of romantic ideas; and Percival Gay, a young artist, has been captivated by Madge, the niece of the hotel-keeper, who, at first half-offended with the artist for making a sketch of her while her), refuses to go with him, and with a passionate display of grief leaves him, throwing away a ring he has given her, which is subsequently found by Bingles, a devoted admirer of Mignon. Whilst returning to the house, Mignon meets Ernest, who, observing her to be in tears and learning the cause, gives her some good advice and tries to console her, and is discovered seated by her by Vera and the rest of the party, who very naturally misconstrue his motives, and the breach between him and Vera is still further widened. The action is now transferred to Ernest's "Diggings," where Mignon is seen reading a letter, from which it transpires that, having run away from the Monkmans on the night of the ball, she has fainted in the street from exhaustion and fright, and on recovering finds herself in the room, where she has been brought by Vray, who has gone to consult Harry Lawdon as to her disposal. When she knows whose room she is in she endeavors to leave it, but is prevented by the arrival of Bingles and Staunch, the latter of whom is striving to bring about a reconciliation between her and Ernest. Not wishing to be seen, she hides behind a curtain, but is discovered by Staunch, who, knowing that Bingles is attached to her, sends him away, and after hearing Mignon's explanation, which he does not believe, tries to get her out of the house, a proceeding which is stopped by the untimely appearance of Vera, who, accompanied by Grace, visits Ernest's rooms on the same errand as Mr. Staunch. The subsequent discovery by her of the French maid, however, changes her purpose and causes her suspicions to return. To avoid meeting Vray, who at this moment turns up with Harry Lawdon, the two girls hide in an adjoining room and overhear the young men's explanation of Mignon's presence in the house. Monkman, complying with Vray's request to meet him at his "diggings," now arrives with his mother, and is denounced by Ernest and completely unmasked, Bingles producing the ring Mignon had thrown away, and which Monkman had denied having given her. The reconciliation of Vera and her lover is completed; Grace and Harry pair off; Mignon, who until now has been ignorant of Bingles' affection for her, consents to marry him; and with this exception, that Staunch's wife-seeking mission is unfulfilled, all ends happily.

"Where's the Cat?"

This is the title of a farcical comedy, adapted from a German piece, which was brought out at the Criterion Theatre, London, Nov. 20. Curiosity is soon allayed respecting the title, for the story of the cat is told in the opening scene. An eccentric bequest has been made in the shape of a cat and three crooked sixpences to three young men—George Goldsmith, Percival Gay and Scott Ramsay. In course of time Pussy dies, and it is decided to make a nest-egg of the three crooked sixpences as the nucleus of a fund to have the cat stuffed. Considerable sums have been sent, and at length an appointment is made for the purpose of dividing the proceeds, which have greatly exceeded what is necessary for the preservation of the remains of a cat. The meeting-place is to be a romantic spot under three gnarled oaks, called the Witches, standing beside the lake, and here Sir Garroway Fawne is wandering in search of the picturesque, with an eye also to feminine beauty in the person of Stella, who is a relative of one of the recipients, and who expects that to be his wife out of sport. Presently Dagmar comes to keep the appointment, having previailed upon her brother to allow her to pass as his wife, and from this freak arises all the mysterious character of the story. Sir Garroway Fawne, finding he is mistaken for Gregory Goldsmith, one of the friends, keeps up the illusion in order to have an excuse to be near Stella, with whom he has fallen in love at first sight. In vain Stella tells the Norway that she is the wife of another. He cannot resist her fascinations, while the young lady herself is delighted to think that she will thus be able readily to prove his constancy. Meanwhile Dagmar is pursuing similar sport with Scott Ramsay, a poet full of romantic ideas; and Percival Gay, a young artist, has been captivated by Madge, the niece of the hotel-keeper, who, at first half-offended with the artist for making a sketch of her while

"Only a Head,"

a melodrama with the additional title of "The Hempen Cravat," a translation by E. Newbound of a French piece, was first acted on the 22 at the Britannia Theatre, London. The story is as follows: The scene is laid at Bordeaux, France, where we find Gilbert Dartigues married to a lady known in her professional name as Diana Mendez. Dartigues had married this fascinating woman in obedience to the wishes of his friends, but there is no love between them. Indeed, the husband suspects that his wife is not faithful to him, a fact which is confirmed upon the appearance of his friend Macrac, who has seen the wife in very suspicious company. Stung with rage and jealousy, Dartigues goes to the haunt of the paramour and challenges him to a duel, in which his rival falls, coming back to his wretched home. Diana attempts to poison her husband; but her design is frustrated, and the despairing husband quits her presence declaring he will see her no more. In the next act a singular revelation is made by Christol, a servant of Dr. Latremblade. This man had been hanged at the instigation of his vicious wife, but, the hangman not being skillful, the doctor had restored him to life, the poor fellow becoming the confidential servant of the physician. From the great terror of meeting the terrible woman who had brought him to such a fearful doom. Meanwhile, Diana having disappeared, Gilbert marries Susanne, niece of the doctor. The equipage bearing the name of Gilbert's wife spoken in disrespectful terms, has fought several duels to vindicate her honor, but at last discovers that it is the first Madame Dartigues, or Diana Mendez, whose character it is that will not, as they say of domestic servants, bear the "strictest investigation." Moreover, poor Christol has seen the lady in question, and is satisfied that she is no other than the wicked creature who had nearly cost him his own life. In the third act, Gilbert, unconscious of the shadow that is about to fall upon his home, is happy in the love of his pretty and devoted Susanne, when there comes to his house Diana Mendez, with the determination to blast his happiness in revenge for the death of her paramour. She is accompanied by Morretto, her brother, a Spaniard of desperate character, as to whom, and the manner in which his purse is replenished. This delightful couple soon destroy the last hope of Gilbert and his young wife. The husband attempts to commit suicide to end his misery, and poor Susanne shields her husband from a charge of flagicide, declares that she is not his wife, and flies from her home, leaving Diana mistress of the situation for the time being. Susanne seeks refuge at a hospital, and there gives birth to a child, which the detestable Diana attempts to carry off; but the infant is saved by Dartignes himself, who has escaped from prison, and little dreams that he is rescuing his own child. At this critical juncture Christol, who, for his own sake, is anxious to get rid of Diana, obtains possession of a certificate which proves that, according to the date of his marriage, he is free, while the fact of Diana being married at the time of her union with Dartigues sets all straight in regard to the marriage of Gilbert and Susanne, and with this happy conclusion the curtain falls.

"Bears, not Beasts,"

a one-act comic opera, words by George Capel and music by H. Round, was produced Nov. 22 at Booth's Theatre, Ashton-under-Lyne, Eng. The story is thus told: A shipwreck has recently occurred off the island governed by the Great Pasha. Two beautiful ladies have been rescued, who have soon gained the heart of the Pasha; the ladies, however, mourn the loss of their husbands—Petroleum Peck and Timothy Thompkins—they, of course, imagining them lost in the storm. Peck and Thompkins, who have brought out a large menagerie from England, manage to reach the shore saving only their own skins and that of a white bear. Now, it so happens that the Great Pasha is mourning the loss of a favorite black bear, and regretting the impossibility of replacing this faithful animal, when an idea occurs to Thompkins that they may gain the favor of the Pasha, and perhaps make their fortunes by presenting to him a wonderful performing bear. Peck, after much persuasion, is induced to undertake the task of "impersonating" the brute, and is forthwith presented to the Pasha, in course of which humorous business is extracted from the performance of the bear, and the Pasha orders him to be placed with the other bears in the pit until more fitting quarters can be provided. This, we need not say, is a very funny situation, as poor Peck is placed in a terrible plight. The next scene introduces us to the exterior of the bear's den, and Peck describes the dangers and inconvenience he has suffered during the night; how the bears have given orders to Prime minister Barbalam to procure him a black bear as talented as the white one he has seen, and as faithful as his departed friend. Barbalam is in great distress, when Thompkins comes to the rescue and impersonates the black bear. Peck and Thompkins meet, and in their endeavors to escape from each other the heads are removed, and a recognition eases their minds of immediate danger. The approach of the Pasha somewhat agitates the pair, and in their excitement they exchange heads. The Pasha questions Barbalam upon this extraordinary transformation, and that gentleman makes some ingenious excuses. He also states that the bear can speak, and will do so if the Pasha will grant any request he may make. It is needless to say that the illustrious personage consents to this arrangement, when Peck and Thompkins ask for their wives and his forgiveness.

DRAMATIC.

ALFRED DAMPIER, the Australian actor, made his first appearance in London at the Surrey Theatre Nov. 27 in "The Royal Pardon."

A VERSION OF "Michel Strogoff" is to be produced at the Adelphi Theatre, London.

"THE LIGHT FANTASTIC," an "absurdity" written for J. L. Toole by H. J. Byron, was presented at the Folly Theatre, London, Nov. 20.

"A POUTING FIT," a new one-act comedy by Ernest Tarride, was recently produced in Brussels, Belgium.

A FRIGHTFUL, unrehearsed tragedy has been enacted on the stage of the Poitiers (France) theatre. During the performance of "The Pirates de la Savane," in the scene where Andres (the tiger-slayer) discharges his carbine at Ribero (the pirate chief), the public was struck with the realism of the death, which they thought the actor simulated, and, though drops of blood stained the boards, the spectators were loud in their applause. The unfortunate man, M. Martigue by name, had been mortally wounded, and he expired before many minutes, surrounded by his awe-struck comrades. That this melancholy catastrophe was the result of an accident is sufficiently established, but how it could have arisen has not been satisfactorily explained. Martigue's unwitting murderer narrowly escaped killing his own little daughter. In the role of Andreas he has to fire at a serpent coiled round little Eva, and at that moment the gun—a double-barreled one—contained two cartridges, one the contents of which were lodged in poor Martigue's heart, and the other blank, which was discharged at the child playing the part of Eva. How the gun remained loaded is a mystery, although an explanation is given, as follows: The director of the theatre had borrowed in the town several fowling-pieces, which local sportsmen obligingly lent him, and at the same time cartridges for them. The shot was extracted from the latter, but it must have happened that in one instance a wad was inserted to divide the charge in two, a habit with some French Nimrods. The result was that the man employed to empty the charge went no further than the wad, and half the shot remained in the cartridge to cause poor Martigue's death. This hardly clears up the matter sufficiently, but it is the only explanation afforded. The accident caused much sensation at Poitiers.

"TURTLE DOVES," a three-act farcical comedy, was presented Nov. 22 at Booth's Theatre, Ashton-under-Lyne, Eng.

E. R. VERNON, actor, died in England Nov. 20.

Our Australian Letter.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

MELBOURNE, Nov. 2, 1880.

EDITOR OF THE CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* At this time our racing festival of the year and the opening of the International Exhibition have been the means of attracting to this city immense crowds of pleasure-seekers from the country districts and from the other colonies. As a matter of course, all places of amusement are nightly crowded. At the Theatre Royal the Williamsons have been doing well, and have lately appeared in a new play, written expressly for them by Fred Marsden, entitled "Eureka." The company, although Fred Dorrie has joined it, is still inefficient, notwithstanding the management have obtained an excellent stage-manager in B. N. Jones. Miss Jane Pomeroy is to open 15 in "Romeo and Juliet." For the pantomime at Christmas the Stewart Family, now in America, and Bland Holt have been engaged to appear in "Harlequin Sinbad the Sailor," for which Mr. Hennings is already preparing some grand scenery.....At Aaron's Academy of Music, leased by G. B. W. Lewis, the Juvenile Pinafore Company are again to the fore. In sober truth, this juvenile crowd is becoming a nuisance, and are deservedly nearly played out.....At the Opera-house a dramatic season is now in progress. Robert Reeve and a hastily-constructed company in "French Flats," It has made no sensation, and is wretchedly acted.....At the Town Hall Henri Ketten and an Austrian Strauss Band are giving a series of concerts to crowded audiences. Mr. George Darrell is playing his drama "The Trump Card" at the People's Theatre, of which house Theodore Hamilton is still the successful lessee.....Professor Haselmyer is the clever man who is giving a series of entertainments of magic, etc., at Temperance Hall.....St. George's Hall is occupied by a minstrel company under the management of Dave [Al.?—ED. CLIPPER] Hayman, and it is called Kelly & Leon's Minstrels, although Mr. Leon is the only one of the two in the troupe. Billy Sweatnam, lately from America, has appeared with this party, and is rapidly making himself a favorite. They are now playing a minstrel "Pin-a-4" with black faces, which has hit the public taste.....The old Polytechnic Hall has been entirely rebuilt, and is now opened by a small company of French artists, who present nightly a series of farces, comedies, etc. The place is most magnificently decorated; but I fear from present speculation, as I do not think that our community is sufficiently advanced to be able to adequately support a company of foreign dramatic artists, although the seasons of Madame Ristori were great successes.....Charles H. Turner, a splendid tenor from America, made a great hit a short time ago in "The Royal Middy" at the Opera-house, and last night he created a powerful sensation by his singing of the same music in the oratorio of "Elijah" at the Melbourne Philharmonic concert at the Town Hall.....It was at one time the intention of Signor Chiarini to return to Melbourne to open a fresh circus season during the Exhibition; but, having reached Europe, and finding the engagements and the opportunity offering, he left Cooktown for Batavia. It is just as well that he did, for he would have had great opposition in Cole's Circus, which has lately arrived from America, and is now playing in New Zealand.....Lennie Hartman and Miss Louise Baudet have appeared in Sydney, and proved comparative failures. They shortly go to Queensland, and will then, it is said, return to America.....I have a telegram informing me that W. H. Lake, lately from America, opened successfully in the Queen's Theatre, Sydney, Oct. 30....Lyster's Opera Company are having an excellent season at the Theatre Royal, Adelaide, and are to be followed by a comedy season, with Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Hall as the stars.....Mr. Simonsen has organized a really good opera company, including Signor Paladini and his clever wife and daughters, for a traveling tour, which is to include New Zealand.....By the way, a theatrical agency on the American system has lately been opened by P. J. Macdonald, lately agent and secretary for George Rignold; and from the activity displayed the business he has already transacted augurs success in the future.....It is with sincere regret that I have to announce the deaths of two artists—Mrs. Fitzwilliam, an excellent portrayer of old women's parts, who had been but a few years in this part of the world, died early in October, in Wellington, N. Z.; and Barnett Levy, violinist and leader of the bands in our different theatres for many years, died suddenly at Emerald Hall Oct. 22. Deceased was brother to Levy the cornet-player. Respectfully yours,

CELLBOY.

MUSICAL.

KARL FRIEDRICH WIETZMANN, the well-known musical theorist, died recently at the age of 72.

"CLAUDE DUVAL" is the title of a new three-act opera, words by H. P. Stephens, music by E. Solomon, which will follow "Billee Taylor" at the Imperial Theatre, London.

RICHARD FORTUNE, musician, died Nov. 19 at Aberford, Eng.

BASEBALL.

THE FIELDING OF 1880.

Skill in fielding always has been and always will be the most attractive feature of baseball. One reason for this lies in the fact that to excel in fielding one must train for it; you cannot become an expert fielder except by practice. Besides this, there are certain qualities a man must possess before he can go into field-training with any hope of attaining proficiency—he must be able to throw well, as regards both distance and accuracy; he requires pluck to face hard-hit balls; the judgment to know what to do with them when he fields them; the quickness of perception and the nerve to act promptly in critical emergencies; and the endurance to stand the fatigue of the work in the most important of the several field-positions. Now, in batting, the veriest novice can with straight pitching hit a long ball to the outfield; all that is required is plenty of muscle and a good eye. Of course, practice will make him hit with more accuracy, but nevertheless he can hit the ball without practice; but no novice can go into the field and handle the ball properly. Here practice is needed before any degree of proficiency is reached, no matter how physically capable a man may be to excel in the field. As between batting and fielding, too, in which both the batsman and the fielder are practiced experts, there is far more attraction to the average spectator to see a pick up a "hot grounder" handsomely, throw it accurately to the baseman, and to see it well held by the latter in time to put the base-runner out, than is possible from the mere act of hitting the ball in the field. The attraction in favor of the batting, in reality, is when the batsman is faced by a strategic pitcher, and the former outwits the latter, and secures an unquestioned base-hit, despite the best of pitching and the sharpest of fielding. But as this is rather exceptional work in batting, while sharp fielding is the general rule in the field, the fielding naturally presents the more attractions to the spectators who are capable of judging of the true merits of the game.

Fielding has made rapid strides towards perfection within the past decade, and especially within a year or two. There is more system about it than there used to be. Last year, for instance, saw more of that special element of success in fielding—good "backing-up"—exhibited than ever before. There was more "playing for the side" in the fielding of 1880 than in any previous season's work; and this important matter, too, is far more frequently seen in fielding than in batting. In batting, the rule is to play for one's individual record, because playing for the side is more self-sacrificing in batting than in fielding. In fielding, you really help your record when playing for the side than for a special record; hence it is necessarily more practiced in handling the ball than in wielding the bat, except, perhaps, in the instance of the catcher. One special feature of the Chicago team's fielding in 1880 was the method in which they were trained to do in "backing up" one another. This involved, of course, some extra field-work, but the advantages accruing from it more than compensated for the additional labor. It worked in this way: The ball was pitched to the bat; it was hit to the infield in such way as to necessitate sharp handling in picking up the ball in time to get it to the base. Promptly on the hit being made, the pitcher and catcher ran behind the first base to stop the ball in case of a wide throw. Perhaps five times out of six this backing-up was not actually needed; but it was there the important sixth time, and it was the result of two or three bases saved, if not a base-runner put out. This system, carried out in all the positions, not only inspires confidence in fielders obliged to throw quickly, but it deters base-running, and keeps runners from taking risks that to bases they would otherwise attempt. Besides which, it gives confidence to the field by making their work more that of a trained team than of a mere picked nine. This team-work in fielding, too, was quite a feature of the season. We have before called attention to the marked difference between the field-work of what we call a mere picked nine, viz., a nine composed of good players in their respective positions, but who are entirely new to each other's style of play—or, if not, are equally disqualified from doing team-work by the uncongeniality of their dispositions, or from like causes—and a nine who work together as a whole with machine-like unity and effect, and who are a regular team in their trained method of playing into one another's hands for the benefit of the side. It is very evident that the importance of this difference is being realized more and more each season, and the result is that nines are being organized more on the sound basis of their doing team-work than in accordance with the old plan of selecting mere picked nines. It is amusing to read the selections for nines made by parties who send us in queries as to whether this, that or the other would not be the best that could be made. One will pick out the nine best batsmen and the nine best fielders, basing his selection on the record of averages. Another will name a nine composed of the nine men who excel in their home-positions. In every instance of such choice is there a total disregard of the important element of players suiting one another in their ability to work together harmoniously, without rival aspirations or cliquеism. Take the nine players having the best nine averages at the bat for the past season, and see what a muddle they would make of an attempt to play as a team, even under the best management. And if you were to take the nine men leading in the fielding averages of the season, you would find all your nine from the best of first-basemen.

Some very surprising work was done in the catcher's position in 1880. The pluck and endurance displayed by many of the season's catchers have been as commendable as noteworthy. They have had the hardest of tasks to attend to in supporting the rather wild and swift-curved pitching they have had to face game after game, and the severe punishment in the hands—even with the best of catching gloves—have stood the heavy punishment is surprising. Flint of the Chicago's stood up to heavy fire from Corcoran and Goldsmith most manfully; Gross, too, did some splendid work behind the bat; his endurance being especially noteworthy. he catching in all of their championship contests. Snyder's exhibition of catching in the National nine was up to the highest mark. It was not so much his quick and unfailing throw—in both of which he equaled the best—so much as in his splendid work in critical positions, where men were running bases, or trying to do it, on the catcher. Clapp, Bushong, Hebert, Kennedy, Kelly, Bennett, Powers, Deasley, Keenan, Ewing, and a number of others did excellent service in the position.

As regards the baseplaying, we shall defer that department of fielding to another chapter. Suffice it to say that the prettiest kind of work was done on the bases in a majority of instances. There was more skill displayed in infield-play in the way of team-work in that part of the field in 1880 than ever before. There was beautiful play in the short-stop's position in nearly all the teams. We regret to say that in one instance an attempt to willfully trip base-runners was resorted to. This is such unmanly business that it reflects as much discredit on the captain who allows it in his team as upon the player who resorts to such trickery. Some marvelous catches were made in the outfield during the past season, as also wonderful accuracy displayed in throwing in balls to the third and home base. The backing-up system in the outfield was also practiced more than in previous seasons. Though there was also some improvement shown in the way of outfielders obeying the pitcher's and catcher's captain's signals to come in nearer or go out farther, still this important item of team-work was far too much neglected. The captain may know a batsman's peculiar style of hitting when the pitcher or catcher does not, and one of the two latter may know that players may be posted on the striker's peculiar way of handling the ash when the captain may not. It therefore becomes an important point for the outfielders to obey the signal of whichever of the three players gives them to change their position according to the batting—that is, to stand in closer for short high-balls, go out further for long high-balls, go more to the right field or nearer to the left, according to peculiarities of batting. Then, too, all the fielders should become posted in judging of the hitting by the way the batsman "faces" for the ball. If they see him standing so as to face first base the field should take a few steps nearer the right; and if he faces for short field or the pitcher, they should move the field to the left. To stand in one position, and only be prepared for balls which come direct to that position, is too old-time a method of fielding to be allowed in any nine claiming to do team-work. As we said before, the play of 1880 in the outfield showed room for improvement in this respect.

THE LEAGUE CONVENTION.

The fifth annual Convention of the League Association was held at the St. James Hotel, in this city, on Dec. 8, 9 and 10, and the proceedings proved to be the most harmonious of all the League meetings held since the inauguration of the League in New York in the Spring of 1876. From the comments made on the action of the League at the Buffalo meeting of last October it was generally expected that there would be some stormy times during the discussions which would be likely to mark the December Convention; but these anticipations were not realized, and with the exception of the effect of the preference given Detroit over Washington in the matter of the vacancy in the League ranks caused by the withdrawal of the Cincinnati Club, nothing occurred to mar the harmony of the meeting. The officers of the League assembled in the private parlors of the hotel early on Wednesday morning, the Board of Directors meeting together first to draft a report to lay before the Convention, the Board consisting of Messrs. Hulbert, Soden, Sage and Evans. These gentlemen were the only members of the Chicago Club; adopted a resolution confirming the expulsion of Messrs. Devlin, Nichols, Hall and Craver for alleged dishonest conduct in 1877, and prohibitted any future rehearing of their application for reinstatement; and elected N. E. Young again as the secretary. With their report prepared they entered the Convention, which thereupon began its session. On the call of the roll the following gentlemen answered: Chicago, W. A. Hulbert and A. G. Mills; Providence, H. T. Root; Cleveland, J. F. Evans; Worcester, F. Brown; Boston, A. H. Soden and H. Wright; Buffalo, J. M. Moffatt and J. H. Smith. C. R. De Freest, who represented Troy, made a dispatch to the effect that he would be at the Convention on the 10th. The Cincinnati Club, having withdrawn from membership, sent no delegate, nor was Mr. Caylor on hand to give us an inside report of the proceedings. The Convention was held with doors closed to the representatives of the local press, Mr. Mills being assigned the duty of preparing such a report of the proceedings as was deemed necessary.

After the roll-call the first business acted upon was the selection of a club to fill the place of the withdrawn Cincinnati Club. But two clubs were applicants, viz., the Nationals of Washington—represented by Messrs. Hewitt, Drinkard and White—and the newly-organized Detroit Club, whose delegates were the Hon. W. G. Thompson, Mayor of Detroit and president of the new club, and F. C. Bancroft, the club's manager. The latter, however, did not enter the Convention as a delegate. Short work was made of the claims of the Nationals, as on the first ballot the vote was in favor of Detroit, by the votes of Boston, Worcester, Cleveland and Buffalo, Chicago and Providence resting for the Nationals. Afterwards the vote was made unanimous. Troy, having no delegate present on Wednesday, did not vote. Mr. Thompson was then given his place in the Convention. The report of the Board of Directors was then adopted, and the Convention proceeded to take up the constitution and by-laws, each section being acted upon as read. The purport of the amendments made to the constitution and by-laws involved the following important changes: An increase in the number of penalties, in which forfeiture of membership is concerned, was made, to the extent of including the prohibition of any match games on League grounds on Sunday, or for allowing of any player to participate in any Sunday game during the term of his League service. Also that of prohibiting the sale of beer or spirits on League grounds, or of open betting or pool-selling. Under the revised constitution, any club in the Association found guilty of any violation of either of the above prohibitory rules is liable to immediate expulsion from the League—after due proof of the facts before the Board—on a two-thirds vote of the League championship clubs. To the list of rules, too, which admit of the same penalty for violation, is added that requiring each club to pay up promptly its share of gate-receipts to visiting clubs. The position of a League umpire was given a new responsibility, too; he is now regarded as a League officer, amenable to prompt expulsion and exclusion from further service as a League umpire if he fails to strictly carry out the playing rules in match games, and to see that every game he umpires in is strictly decided on its merits. This gives the umpire a higher standing grade, besides rendering him more independent of mere club-influences. He now has the League to back him up, and his responsibility is to that organization entirely. This cannot but result in a higher class of men, and a more thorough discharge of the duties of the position. The law applicable to the enforcement of penalties for violations of contract rules by players now presents a graduated element more in accordance with the character of the offense than hitherto. Now any player convicted of dishonest play or of willful "revolving" is expelled; while players guilty of drunkenness or disobedience are suspended. Players under the latter head—even protected by gloves—have stood the heavy punishment is surprising. Flint of the Chicago's stood up to heavy fire from Corcoran and Goldsmith most manfully; Gross, too, did some splendid work behind the bat; his endurance being especially noteworthy. he catching in all of their championship contests. Snyder's exhibition of catching in the National nine was up to the highest mark. It was not so much his quick and unfailing throw—in both of which he equaled the best—so much as in his splendid work in critical positions, where men were running bases, or trying to do it, on the catcher. Clapp, Bushong, Hebert, Kennedy, Kelly, Bennett, Powers, Deasley, Keenan, Ewing, and a number of others did excellent service in the position.

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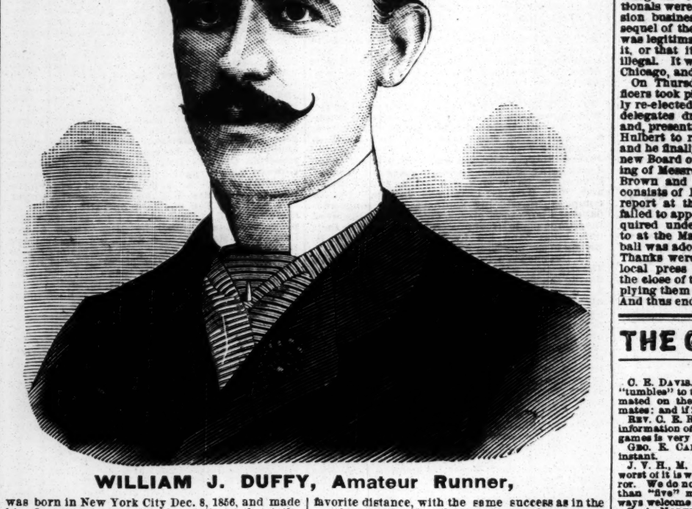


WILLIAM J. DUFFY, Amateur Runner,

was born in New York City Dec. 8, 1856, and made his first appearance on the cinder-path at the Spring open meeting of the N. Y. Athletic Club May 30, 1876, when he entered for the 440yds. race, which he won in 59sec. He continued running that distance until the championship games in the Fall of said year, when he entered for the half-mile competition. In that race he was beaten by Harold Lambe of Toronto, Ont., this being the first defeat he sustained out of six races. At the Knickerbocker Club games in March, 1877, he ran in the half-mile race, which he won. One year after this first appearance he took part in the Spring games of the N. Y. A. C., this time in the one-mile race (it being the first time he attempted this distance), and was defeated by Cornelius Vought of Yonkers, by less than six inches, in 4m. 46s. During the remainder of the season of '77 he won all the open mile races (all under five minutes) in this section until late in the Fall, when he was beaten by Richard Morgan, Duffy not being in proper condition at the time. He never afterwards had the pleasure of meeting Morgan on the track. During the season of 1878 Duffy won all the mile races of note and several two-mile events, finishing the campaign by winning the three-mile race for the championship of America. In all, he was victor in about fifteen races that year. During 1879 he entered in most of the open scratch mile events, that being his favorite distance, with the same success as in the previous year, and on Sept. 20 he won the grandest race for one mile he ever ran, making the distance in 4m. 37 2-5s., beating the best time previously made in America. One week later, however, in the championship games, he made a waiting race of the one mile, and through a miscalculation was defeated, by less than a foot, in 4m. 43 3-4sec., the victor being H. M. Pellatt of Toronto, Canada. Feeling confident that he could beat Pellatt, he invited the latter to meet him one week afterwards, and run the same distance at the games for the championship of Canada, held on the Montreal Lacrosse Club grounds. To this proposition the Canadian acquiesced; but, to the surprise of all, he did not appear on the day of the race, and Duffy won as he pleased, against several other Canucks, in 4m. 47s. Since then he has won several races, but they were of minor importance. His height in his stocking feet is 5ft. 6in., although any but a close observer would imagine him to be taller. His present weight is 142lb, and when in condition ranges from 120 to 125lb. His chest when natural measures 35 inches; and inflated, 36¼in.; calf, 13in.; thigh, 20¾in. He has won about thirty-seven races out of some forty-three, and can show forty-one medals and two cups. He is employed in a clerical capacity by a leading firm of manufacturing jewelers in this city.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

C. B. DAVIS.—We are sorry to say that your four-move "tumbles" to this: 1...R to his 8 +, K Kt inter sect, or be mated on the move; 2..R × Kt +, if Kt inter; 3..Q mates: and if 2..R moves; 3..Q Kt mates.

REV. C. E. RANKEN, Malvern, Eng.—Thank you for the information of your last card, and the suggestion of the game is very gratefully noted.

GEO. E. CARPENTER.—The book reached us on the 4th instant.

J. V. H., M. D.—Problem 1,349 is worthless, and the worst of it is we have not the means of correcting the error. No. 1,348 and Problems 1,346 and 1,347 solvable in any other than "five" moves. Please send "turning" next; always welcome on a separate sheet.

C. A. MONROE, Nashville, Tenn.—You are cordially welcomed to our long roll; the game shall be translated and appear, but in future please eschew "Springers," and when you mate with R Kt or K.

H. PRATT, Salt Lake City.—We saw the double, and your emendation came just in time to save delay. Thank you.

F. B. PHELPS.—We have forwarded your note to "S. R.," and put you in the way of mutual correspondence. Yes; please send us your solution of Enigma 1,349, requiring five moves of White. Is the problem numbered "21" your own original contribution to THE CLIPPER? If so, please send us a diagram for photo. Beware the "any-move" style of solution in dealing with an intricate problem by a great master; instead of Black "any move," say, Kt × Kt, Kt × Kt, and neither Q, Kt, nor anything else can 5...mate.

S. R.—We trust you will find an agreeable correspondent.

BRO. ALLEN.—Package of papers on 4th inst. Thanks.

CALCUTTA VS. LIVERPOOL.—We are indebted to *The Croydon Guardian* for the following moves in this great contest. The code invented by W. Rutherford of Liverpool contains 8,000 words or signals, so concise, yet intelligible, that the move in both games can be sent in one message; and the system works to almost perfection. The distance is, in round numbers, 8,000 miles, and the telegraphic charge is 4s. 7d. per word.

GAME I.

FRENCH OPENING.

Calcutta.	Liverpool.	Calcutta.	Liverpool.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	K P × P	K P × P
2..P–Q 4	P to Q 4	5..Q K–Q 3	P–Q B 4
3..Q Kt–B 3	K B–Kt 5	6..Q B–Q 2	Q Kt–B 3

GAME II.

IRREGULAR OPENING.

Liverpool.	Calcutta.	Liverpool.	Calcutta.
1..P to Q B 4	P to K 3	4..K Kt to B 3	P to Q 3
2..P–K 3	P–Q B 4	5..Q B–Kt 2	Q Kt–B 3
3..P–Q Kt 3	P–Q 4	6..P–Q Kt 4	

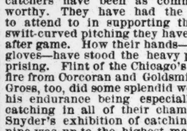
GRAND TOURNEY.—The City of London C. C. is now organizing its annual tournament with sixty-four entries. As this feat has several times been achieved by this powerful club proposition it will be carried out successfully. The City of London recently celebrated the nineteenth birthday of Charles Murton, probably the oldest active chess player in England. The event was marked by a dinner, and to a complimentary speech and sentiment from the chair (Mr. Gastineau) Mr. Murton replied in a vigorous and graceful manner. A presentation, challenge trophy, the "Murton Cup," has been established.

Enigma No. 1,352.

From the American Tourney third-prize set.

"*Bonor do Wilde Duc.*"

BY SAMUEL LOYD.

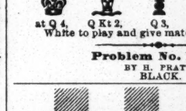


White to play and give mate in three moves.

Problem No. 1,353.

BY H. PRATT.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give male in four moves.

Game No. 1,352.

Our contributor J. V. H., M. D., gives a beginner the odds of Q R and move.

CENTRE GAMBIT.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
Tyro.	Dr. H—	Tyro.	Dr. H—
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	11..Castles	K B × B +
2..P–Q 4!	P × P	12..Q K B	P–Q 3
3..Q × Q 2d P	Q Kt–B 3	13..Q–her 2	Q B × Kt
4..Q–her 3	K Kt–B 3	14..Q B × B	K–K 2
5..P–Q 3	P–Q 4	15..P–K 4	K R–K sq
6..P–K B 3	Q B–K B 3	16..Q Kt–R 3	K Kt × P
7..K Kt–K 3	K B–B 4	17..B P × Kt	K R × P
8..Q–her B 3	P–Q Kt 3	18..Q Kt–B 4	R–Kt 6 +
9..K B–Kt 5	Q–her 3	19..K–R sq, and Black mates in three.	
10..Q B–K 5	Castle, K R		

As Bro. Sweet happily puts it: "The weaker brother always plays the best move he sees at the moment, is glad when he wins, and sorry when he loses."

CHEQUERS.

To Correspondents.

O. R., Albany.—Will examine it.

J. F. BALSOM, Hudson.—Received, and contents noted.

C. A. ATKINS, New Haven.—Solutions are correct.

J. O. GRADY, Montpelier.—Received, and contents noted.

MR. BALSOM remarks thus regarding Game 33, Vol. 28: "It shows loose play on both sides. If Black play 7 to 6 at sixteenth move he wins without an if. E. C. Hubbell's correction of Game 30, Vol. 28, is a failure, as he directs a backward jump with a single man."

OUR CORRESPONDENT J. O. Grady of Montpelier offers the following variations on Game No. 35, Vol. 28: "Black plays 7 to 10 at ninth move, which should lose; but White replies 14 to 7, making an even exchange. Suppose he

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

(CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal-laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canada, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M. MONDAY, Dec. 13.

LADIES' LIST

Allyne, Kittie
Ames, Pauline
Austin, Blanche
Arnott, Mrs.
Barnes, Maude
Bingham, Flora
Barnard, Susie
Bertram, Dora
Bernetta, Millie
Bonnay, Mathilda (2)
Blitz, Mrs. Eugene
Bird, Alice M.
Blake, Julia
Clavella, Emma L.
Carlton, Irene
Cardigan, Cora
Carthreghie, Mrs. I. Wm.
Charles, India
Christie, Mrs. Chas.
Otton, Viola
Daniels, Carrie E. (3)
Barious, Lizzie
Dargon, Miss
Dumont, Olive
Earl, Mabel
Erskine, Miss
Eaton, Adelaide
Forest, Hazel
Farell, Minnie
Fontainblean, Blanche
Florence, Frankie
Frys, Mad. B. M.
Fielding, Mrs. Maggie
Gardner, Lida
Gayton, Zoe (4)
Gray, Minnie
Oscar-Gray Sisters
Howard, Carrie
Heywood, Nellie
Howard, Maude
Howard, Lillie
Harlan, Rose (2)
Hall, Minnie 9c.
Hyers, Emilie L.
Harrold, Lizzie 9c.
Jewell, Addie
Jerguson, Miss V.
Kinark, Jennie (2)
LaVerde, Mrs. E.
LaMourse, Emma
Lamb, Nellie (3)
LaVerde, Lillie
Lee, Minnie
Lucille, Pauline
Lenard, Agnes
Love, Kittie
Lee, Ella
Lamay, Ada
Morry, Mrs. Annie
Melville, Sadie
Marshall, Miss M.
May, Etta (3)
Marshall, Minnie (2)
Morrissey, Maude (3) 9c.
Markham, Pauline
Melville, Sadie (2)
Marlow, Miss
Moriacchi, Mlle. (2)
Mansey, Ida
Mendozo, Mlle.
Melville, Katie
Moore, Mrs. Carry
May, Ella
Meoskaleta, Miss (2)
Newcombe, Ada
Oswald, Maude
Oates, Alice
Palmer, Minnie (2)
Pixley, Annie
Polk, Mrs. J. B.
Putnam, Kate
Parker, Mrs. Susannah
Rainforth, Minnie
Robinson, Julia
Rivers, Mabel
Rose, Josephine
Shanley, Josephine
Swift, Arrah
Shipley, Mrs. C.
Stetson, Blanche
Sharon, Mrs.
Swain, Carrie
St. Felix, Madam
Stevens, Lillie
Turner, Della
Turner, Ella
Turner, Lilly
Woods, Annie C.
Williams, Mrs. E. (3)
Ward, May
Welster, Genie
Wheeler, Grace
Wade, Hattie
Zittella, Mlle.

GENTLEMENS' LIST.

Ambracht, Louis
Asue, Wm. R.
Andress, Prof. Chas.
Arads, Albert
Arthur, J.
Akerman, W. F. (2)
Aymar, Fred
Aubrey, Robt.
Allen & Hart
Alfredo, Louis
Blakely, J. H.
Bhan, James
Brazzier, W. L.
Bates, J. G.
Boaney, Robt.
"Big Four Emerald"
Birdett, Major
Brady, S. W.
Burgess, Neil
Berner, Joe
Barnum's Manager, P. T.
Bither, Robt.
Banks, Will J.
Buckley, E. J.
Bly, Prof. VanBeuren
Bennett, Frank
Barker, Chas.
Boothby, Dave
Bloom, Ed. L.
Botdet, Major
Boteen, G. W. M.
Bairu, J. W.
Baker & Co., Manager
Benn, Edgar
Ball, R. G.
Benjamin, Henry
Bowles, Frank
Belmer, Henry
Banks, Billie
Barlow, Wilson, Primrose & West
Benton, Chas.
Bryant, Harry
Brown, John H.
Brink, Edward
Barker, Alf.
Burnett, Alf.
Batchelder & Doris
Blossom, Billy
Bruno, Augt. J.
Connor, John H.
Cronin, Wm.
Groford, Harry
Carter, Prince
Corbett, Alex
Carleton, Frank H.
Clarance, Edward
Cereni, Harry
Conroy, John H.
Colling, Frank
Clarke, Howell
Crandell, Harry
Carroll, W. F. (2)
Charles, J. S.
Cotton, Ben
Coup's Circus, Bus. Manager
Clarke, Kit C.
Campbell, Bartley
Cobb, Willis
Coyle, M. W.
Coup, W. C. (3)
Cole, W. W.
Cox, Wm. H.
Clark, W. H.
Crawdening, C. F. (3)
Connelly, Chas.
Crumley & DeForest
Coleman, Dick
Carr, Frank
Curtis, W. B.
Corbyn, Sheridan
Castello, G. B.
Conroy, Jack
Carey, Geo.
Collings, W. H.
Carner, J. W. 12c.
Coleman, J. A.
Conturier, Carter
Crawford, Harry
Clark, Burt
"Cincinnatus"
Clark, Harry
Davenport, Geo.
Davis, Chas. E.
Delmore, Lew (2)
Diamond, Chas.
Doyle, John
Drew, James
Donnelly & Drew
Durand, Louis
Drew, Mike
Dingess, John A.
Dimon, Chas.
Daymond, Joseph
Daniels, Dan
Davis, Chas. L.
Denham, Geo. W.
Donaldson, W. C.
Dupres, C. H.
Dwyer, W. 9c.
Delhaven, Claude 9c.
Durand, W. W.
Dowling, J. J.
Dickson, Robt. M.
Dain, Tex.
Dwyer, Wm. T.
Dumont, Frank
Washington, Bros.
Eades, Harry
Easton, W. H.
Eagleson, Howard
Ellis, G.
Edwards, Chas.
Elliott, Fisher
Ellis Family, The
Fessler, Walter
Farrell, Tom
Franklin, E. A.
Flanagan, Ed.
Friez, L. C.
Ferris, T. M.
Flynn, John
Farrell, Owen (2)
Ferguson, B.
Ferguson, J. B.
Ferguson, Barney
Frates, Benj.
Forest, Lale (of Young Chicago)
France, Geo. F.
Fuller, Chas.
Filson, Al. W.
Fernandez, Jos. A.
Fitzgerald, Jas. J.
Fisher, Jas. T.
Gaffney, W. A.
Harris, W. T.
Homer, Chas.
Hilliard & DeMott
Holcombe, Jos. A.
Hall & Williams
Hart, John
Harrington, John C. (3)
Howard, Lester
Hopkins, D. B. (3)
Holbrook, James
Hedges, H. C.
Howe, Emilo
Bartell, Frank (3)
Herbert, Fred
Harris, Hamilton
Hamilton, Wlie
Hammersley, G. W.
Hooley's Minstrels, Manager 16c.
Hawkins & Kelly
Hartell, Young
Hamilton, Jas.
Howorth, John
Hayden, Billy
Richardson, Sage
Hill, A.
Hart's Minstrel's, Manager 6c.
Hunt, Chas.
Henderson, G. A.
Hall, Geo. W.
Heywood, Jas.
Hart, Henry
Harriston, W. I.
Hanley, M. W.
Hayman, Lamb
Hall
Hicks, C. B.
Hamilton, H.
Sunlan & Durrell
Sullivan, Mark
Sheffield, Frank
Skelley, J. F.
Seils Bros.
Smith, Sam
Sullivan & Smith
Saunders, Chas.
Sims, J. G.
Scott, Robt.
Shoids, J. J.
Sefton, Jos.
Smart, H. D.
Sexton, M. C.
Scott, Scott
Spencer, W. H.
Seder, Jos. E.
Stevens, J. O.
Sabel, Dave
Sebastian, Sig.
Sheridan, Frank
Stowe, Frank
Scott, Andy
Talbot, Hugh
Thorn & Darwin (2)
Taylor, Billy
Thorp, Geo.
Turner, John M.
Thompson, W. H.
Thompson, W. J.
Thompson, W. Denman
Thompson, Joe & Sadie
Thayer Bros.
Thompson, John
Thompson, J.
Vose, Val
Vampler, Jean
Vilia, S. B.
Valleau, A. (3) 3c.
Van Amburgh's Circus, Manager
Warner, —(of Warner & Osborn)
Wood, Geo. C.
Whettoney, Leon
Weston Bros.
Wood & Beasley
Wallace & Burton (3)
Warren, Jas.
Williams, Gus
Warren, Harry
Wood, N. S.
Woodson, Harry
Wilson & Wells
Walton, Rich (2)
Weaver, Add
Wills, Frank M.
Woodville, Jas.
Wilton, Joe
Woodard, John
Wells, Jas. E.
Wallack, Watty
Whitefield, J. G.
Wood, Harry
Westervelt, Henry
Werners, The
Wallace, Jas. T.
Williams, P. J.
Washburn, L. W. (2)
Young, Jack
Yale, Ad.
Zeltner, Grimaldi

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[With a view of relieving the pressure upon our regular "Answers to Correspondents" column, we propose to insert here all replies to questions relating to amusements. Such queries as relate to other matters will be answered in our regular columns, and should be written on separate slips of paper from those asking for information concerning amusements. No answer at all will be made, orally, by mail or telegraph, to any question that we may have reason to think involves a dispute between individuals. All such will be answered publicly, through our columns.—ED. CLIPPER.]

☞ QUESTIONS THAT DO NOT REACH THIS OFFICE UNTIL MONDAY MORNING WILL NOT BE ANSWERED UNTIL THE FOLLOWING WEEK.

To Our Authorized Correspondents.

In the future please give all routes ahead of combinations upon *separate pieces of paper*, instead of embodying them in your letters.

E. L. C., San Francisco.—I. Fred O'Brien has never turned out as much in realm of the triple somersault, and that settles all questions of this character. There are a good many so-called double somersaults turned that are not such in reality. The salary varies with the ability of the performer, the reputation of the establishment that employs him, and the locality or country in which he is required to perform.

LONDON CIRCUS.—Someone whose note has been mislaid has asked us as to the number of people employed by the London Circus last season. There were fifteen hundred and ten persons on the pay-roll, and of this number eighty-one went into the ring as performers.

FARIS, Boston.—Largest in what sense—area or seating capacity? If both, we cannot answer; and we cannot, at all events, speak with certainty as to the entire world when in the matter of seating capacity.

S. C. C., Indianapolis.—It was unintelligible because the names of the theatres were not mentioned with the dates. Please make list of each house distinct by itself, and mention coming attractions at each.

MISS. DANA, whose address is No. 214 West Lake street, Chicago, inquires through CLIPPER ad. to the whereabouts of her son, William Dana, who was connected with some theatre in Detroit, Mich., when she last heard from him.

C. Indianapolis.—1. We do not think that she has. 2. There is as gentleman who is professionally known by another name, but whose right name is Key.

A. B. S., Philadelphia.—1. It is a matter of opinion which are the four handsomest theatres in America. 2. See regular answers, on another page.

TARITAS, Boston.—When the current year opened, there was no such person as Richard Keade managing a theatre in London, Eng., unless rag rosa.

SPANGLER, Providence.—Matters of that kind are to be looked for in our regular amusement columns from week to week.

H. K. AND J. D., Chicago.—1. The original Bobby Newcomb is alive. 2. We have always understood that his right name is Hughes.

A. RADER, Boston.—Apply to a variety theatre in your city or in this, and there you will be guided to someone who can teach you.

J. C.—It was in all probability W. B. Cahill who played the part.

H. H., Hagerstown.—You can get it of S. Booth & Co., 201 Castle street, this city. Its price is fifty cents.

B. H. N., Rochester.—Miss Eliza Weothersby played in San Francisco in March of last year.

THEATRICAL TRIMMED HAT.—M. Schacht, 175 Allen street, New York, can supply you.

W. H. B., Chillicothe.—Maggie Mitchell is a brunette of a mild type.

J. M. W., Rome.—"Elsie Aileen" is published by Phil. P. Keil, McKeesport, Pa. No answers by mail.

P. O. C., Troy.—Please classify your items and under appropriate headings on separate pieces of paper.

CONSTANT READER, Seymour.—He usually stops in this city.

J. F., Philadelphia.—Pauline Nininger was singing in public a boat ten years ago.

E. L. D., Buffalo.—Miss Libby Noxon is a daughter of Noxon the scene-painter.

W. S., Jersey City.—We object to giving the ages of actresses, for our sake as well as theirs.

READER, Washington.—We do not give the private address of any professionals.

CARD, Springfield.—It was in Philadelphia that Mark Lane died.

R. F. C.—Barnum's Museum, Ann street, was burned July 13, 1865.

S. D., Newark.—You are to be congratulated on the rest of your perseverance.

G. A. L., Milwaukee.—It shall have an early appearance.

R. W. B., Boone.—Felix Morris is a native of England.

M. H. P., Philadelphia.—By assessors in Annie Pixley.

CARD B., Wheeling.—Pyrimounted Pah-lin-set-ash.

B. H. E., St. Louis.—Sher. Campbell died in 1874.

L. W., Brooklyn.—Ida Vashell is his wife.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Dec. 13, '80.

The solid South, 'orsooth! For a long time we have kept up an incessant talk about the solid South, but it would be far better for us, perhaps, if we looked a little to our own section; for, during the past week, a solid North was clearly developed, a cold wave from the nor'nor'west striking us amidships and tying us up tight and secure for several days. Theatres and other places of amusement felt the chilling and blighting effects of the blast in a high degree. Actors and actresses who were thinly clad suffered like anything while their duties required them to be on the stage, and it was almost a complete freezing-out with the ballet-girls, whose scanty undress uniform caught them napping in a nipping air. Pity for the girls who had nothing to wear! Comical people and burlesque actresses went through their funny business in a way that would have done no discredit to an undertaker and his mourners. When they should have laughed and made the welkin ring with hilarity, you couldn't tell whether it was a laugh or a cry which convulsed their countenances. John McCullough undertook to act the gladiator Spartacus, but he might as well and be shook like the little old woman in "Mother Goose's Melodies." In such a moment the mantle of Edwin Forrest would have been of invaluable benefit to the tragedian, whose acting would then have taken cooler than ever. What made the matter ten times worse was that we were really unprepared for the frigid blizzard, for the weather-prophets were at loggerheads (or lager, we don't mind which), and while one party predicted mild things, another promised us hail Columbia; the new Old Probs hadn't got into working condition, and gave us no diagnosis at all, leaving us to the cold charity of Vedder and of Devoe, the man from Hackensack, so that we were at the mercy of the winds and waves or whatever might turn up. While we were "at the club" last Tuesday evening, trying to work out the problem whether it were better to put a million of dollars in De Lesseps's great canal project or take a permanent interest in Hallman—a opportunity to go in on the ground-floor on account of our indulgence with consumers of that vegetable having been kindly offered us—the man from Hackensack dropped in. Of course, the weather became the all-important topic of conversation, and, wishing to test the accuracy of the Jersey gentleman's predictions, we asked him in a very kind manner if he could forecast the weather up to the next Tuesday's, as we had been invited to a Fifth-avenue wedding on that day, as well as to a free lunch on the opening of a new hotel in Worth street, and we wished to be prepared. When we asked old Hackensack that little question he laughed us to scorn. "Why," said he, "I can forecast the weather weeks ahead. This is Tuesday evening, isn't it? And you wish to ascertain what are to be the conditions next Thursday? On that day it will be mild on a rising temperature, and warm and generally pleasant. Now I've had such faith in Hackensack that, in order to be prepared for the warmth and rain predicted, we borrowed all the umbrellas that we could induce our confiding friends to loan us; we likewise secured several waterproof coats, and as all of these are worn by our cab-drivers and footmen, and we took out of camphor the thinnest suit we could find; all this, mind you, because of Hackensack's predictions. Thursday dawned, and we rose with the lark, or after a fair imitation like that feature, and we donned the light suit. The sun came up smiling; the sky was as clear as a dinner-table after the humble boarders have ended their hoondays-meal; and during that entire day the sky was cloudless; not a drop of rain fell, and instead of the day being mild and bland, like a young girl who has just been invited to a fair, it was fearfully cold! Ice formed in the gutter and in tubs and at the skating rinks; men muffled themselves up as if they were going on an expedition to the North Pole in search of Sir John Franklin and the Jeanette. Truckmen, who never walk if they can help it, dropped from their seats and began a go-as-you-please race with their horses; the workpeople at the theatres and the men who are put there to watch 'em got behind one another to escape the keen blast; temperance advocates abstained even from cold water on that dreadful day, which old Hackensack promised should be exactly the opposite to what it was. It was the coldest day of the season, and our thin clothes and waterproofs and umbrellas were of no manner of use whatever. The wedding didn't take place, the new hotel wasn't open, and the free lunch and things we had promised ourselves were killed as dead as a chopped-up man. No more Hackensack prophets for us.....When it gets along about this season of the year, the small boy—we never have seen it—begins to inquire, you know he has an existence, because we are constantly running across him in newspaper paragraphs—the small boy, as we said, who was sighing all Summer for sleigh-rides and Santa Claus, begins to yearn for Christmas. Curious, isn't it, how the small boy can never be satisfied with what he has got? But his is not the only mind that begins to turn to the sawdust-ring. The performer who isn't lucky enough to work in the winter dates in the variety halls begins to long for the coming of Spring with a longing not altogether disassociated with his landlady's claims. Here's

A MIDWINTER AFTERNOON'S FANCY.

In the season of midwinter,
When there comes a sort of inter-
Val in the circus-man's hard labors;
While animals are fed and groomed,
And the tent is being darned up,
And the agents are reshar pening their Fabers;
Then it is the acrobatic
Performer, in his attic,
Doth wish the Spring at hand, and with good rea-

For, while Winter board decreases
His little pile, he ceases
.....Hovering somewhere around us is a Chinese giant, who is said to stand nine feet in height in his brogans. And yet "The Chinese must go." "Our Jim" is anxious to see the man who will attempt to *make* him go—he would like to see the man before and after the fight.....They say that Sarah stipulates for real victuals when she's enjoying a stay in Paris—not a mere "square meal." We have, during the past year, been promised several fresh and luscious Lady Godivas, clad in appropriate illusion; but up to the present time not one of the alleged ladies ever put in an appearance. Is it a fierce-out," or what?.....More lies riveted. Bernhardt did *not* contract with New York undertakers to sell them all the flowers she received at half price. This fact we know to be false.....Our "snap" this week is through Georgia is making its way back by easy stages and canal-boats.....Our Jim" is very slow to catch the name of any person. Now, in commenting on the personal appearance of Sarah, he declares that she is more like a tall-fence than a Barnyard. And here it should be stated mildly, though emphatically, that Longfellow the poet is not to go on a bust [old gag] with Sarah the actress. This is official.....The Comet's got switched off the track last week. Next!.....It requires "Hearts of Oak" to bear up under the calamity when the entire wardrobe of the troupe is consumed by the devouring element. Such a catastrophe made Horace's people feel quite ill. Next week.....The day after Mr. Bunnell opened his new museum in Broadway he was called upon by a man whose habitments of woe and other outward evidences of gloom and despondency made it plain that something unusually genial showman. "What can I do for you?" said he to his visitor. "Noticing your advertisements in THE NEW YORK CLIPPER calling for curiosities of every description, I have taken the liberty of calling upon you in reference to an engagement," "Are you a stage performer, or in what channel do your talents run?" "I am no actor—I am a curiosity" "Ah! indeed! In what way?" *"I'm the author of a beautiful Autograph Album!"* He was at once engaged, and now walks the halls like a thing of life, in company with fat women, skeleton-men, Circassian girls and sword-swallowers.....The party we are now speaking of was a snake-charmer; and, according to his own confession, the most villainous cobra could not withstand the force of his charms. One day last week he was exhibiting in Florida before a mixed assemblage. After discussing the snake-question and fooling with one of the reptiles he said: "Now, ladies and gentlemen, you see before you a snake whose sting is certain death. I will charm that dreaded reptile so that a child may play with it unharmed." Just as he got that far, and was holding the snake before him, the ungrateful brute shot out its sting, caught the showman on the upper lip, and in ten minutes the snake-charmer was a corpse.

IN MEMORIAM.

They rigged him out in a suit of black clothes,
For which his brave comrades subscribed;
And they put him away at the close of the day,
Just as soon as his breath had subsided.
They dug him a grave by a turbulent wave,
Where crocodiles long have abided;
On a bright silver-plate was his name and the date
Of the day and the hour he died.
The bullfrog he howls him a funereal dirge,
The night-owl he bloats—hand omes
And the snakes and the pollywogs mingle their tears
O'er the last resting-place of the showman.

.....Talking about Lotta, we notice that the London papers have had a great deal to say about the Crabtree in their reports of recent boat-races over there. We never knew there was such a thing as a crab-tree. We always imagined that crabs grew on bushes.....The Germans down at the Old Bowery—now the Thalia Theatre—have brought out Nisida. "Our Jim," who hangs out down in that region, says if they had made it nigh beer, instead of "Nigh Cider," they would have made a square hit of it. [Having reference to the beer-gardens.].....Salvini opens in Booth's Theatre this evening. He will speak his lines in the Italian tongue, while his support will make use of such language as they are accustomed to employ. We predict that we derive a good deal of benefit from a close study of these linguistical entertainments.....Miss Nellie Holbrook, a young actress all the way from California, is to attempt the part of Hamlet at one of the matinées this afternoon. This may be taken as a quiet rebuke of the efforts made recently in the same line by the more vigorous delineators of tragedy. We invent a poem on

NELLIE.

Nellie was a lady—last night she tried
To do the melancholy one, all on the eastern side.
Ring the bell for lovely Nell,
Pacific's fair young bride."

—We are not aware that the young lady is a bride, but we ring it in to give tone to the sentence.....There is such an alleged mania among theatrical managers for doing their boom-business down in Inwood, where our World's Fair is to be held, and that's 'way out by the Harlem River. But let managers beware—there is a limit beyond which they may not go. Philadelphia is not to be made the great calculations as to the money they would make during the Centennial Exhibition in 1876, to this day curse like the mischief when anybody asks them how they came out that year.....Olivette," the latest comic opera, is shortly to be produced at the Park, and Manager Abbey and John Duff are to divide the plum-duff which it is expected to evolve.....Praise of Catherine Lewis has been so lavish of late that we may say to her in the language of the poor poet,

"Beware! Take care! They are tooling thee."

.....Madame Gerster the prima-donna is stopping at the Everett House. We mention this so that those who would like to interview the lady will know where to find her. It may be important to add, however, that she is surrounded by a husband and a big dog. So you can do as you please about calling.....Nym Crinkle, in the latest issue of his new paper *The Pendleton*, publishes a slashing criticism on J. McCullough. The actor's left ear must have burned terribly last week.....The posts for Edison's electric light are being put down on Broadway, south of Twenty-third street. They remind us very much of Sallie Bernhardt—they are so tall and slender.....Church people decline to patronize "Deacon Crankett's" prayer-meetings, because they get up be'ter ones of their own free for all.

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

There was a contest in Springfield, Mass., on the night of the 8th inst., which perhaps deserves more than a passing notice. It was nominally for the clog-championship of the United States. Possibly the two competitors fancy that their contest has settled the championship.....J. B. Donniker, laid up in St. Vincent's Hospital with a broken leg, is progressing nicely. He is branded up with plasters-paris.....The Tagliapietra Opera Troupe, like Porter, Barrymore and others, has not fared well in Marshall, Tex. The proprietor of the Sherman House there had them arrested last week on the charge of being swindlers.

.....A sideshow blower was once called upon to handle a rhinoceros, and he did it in this fashion at the beginning: "I must beg you, ladies and gentlemen, to give me your undivided attention. Indeed, it is absolutely impossible that you can form a true idea of the hideous animal of which we are about to speak, unless you keep your eyes fixed on me."—Prof. W. A. M. Diller died on Dec. 9 in Elmira, N. Y., where he was an organist. He was forty-five years of age, and was a son of the Rev. Dr. Diller, who was burned to a crisp at the time the steamer Seawanhaka was consumed. By that disaster the recently deceased also lost a sister.....Charles Rothe, one of the earliest of the theatrical wigmakers of Boston, Mass., died in Dorchester, Mass., on Dec. 4. He was known to hundreds of professionals. His ill health had kept him out of business for the past eleven years.....Briefly, together with Miss Laura Joyce and Mlle. De Lussan and Mr. A. J. Holden, took part in a concert at the Church of the Divine Paternity, Forty-fifth street and Fifth avenue, on the afternoon of the 9th inst.....Emma Nevada has been vocalising in Trieste, and letters from there speak in complimentary terms of her style.....Alfred Tennyson is to spend a portion of this Winter in Italy, and consequently will not witness the production of his new play in London.....One of Chadwick's Light Brigade, who was killed in the manœuvring before the gentleman for Locke Richardson, who will recite it this Winter.....Edward Scoval, brother of Miss May Fielding, has written a comedy, together with Miss Laura Rome, in "La Sonnambula."—Arthur J. Collard, the well-known English flute-player, has invented a new flute, which is said to possess more power, ease and delicacy in the instrument generally. The material chiefly used by the patentee for the head and body is ebonite, a preparation of India-rubber.....Troy, N. Y., reports the financial embarrassment of Fred H. Chuett, music-dealer, who three years ago withdrew from the house of Cluett & Sons, and went into business for himself.....Rumors are of considerable consequence in this world, notwithstanding that there are great numbers of them. A short time ago three attached to the Teatro Real, Madrid, were false all at once, and the house had to be closed in consequence.....The Crown of Italy has been bestowed upon Rossi, conductor of the Italian Opera, London, Eng., and also upon Arditi, who has been singing at the Imperial Theatre, Warsaw.....Lecocq, Offenbach, Planquette and Audran, the composers of the following comic operas, have been decorated with the Legion of Honor: "Giroflé-Girofla," "Les Cloches de Corneville," "Le Petit Duc," "Le Grand Mogol" and "Le Rêve d'Amour."—Mme. Rose Csillag, who has been on loan for some years at the opera-house in Pesth, has returned to Vienna, and will appear at the Imperial Opera-house in that city.—Mme. Ilma de Murska, who has been singing at the Imperial Theatre, Warsaw, has been engaged for the Winter season at the Imperial Opera-house, St. Petersburg.—Mme. Pauline Lucca has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1881-2.—Mme. Adelina Patti has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1882-3.—Mme. Christine Nilsson has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1883-4.—Mme. Etelka Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1884-5.—Mme. Marie Wilt has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1885-6.—Mme. Materna has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1886-7.—Mme. Lilli Lehmann has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1887-8.—Mme. Sembrich has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1888-9.—Mme. Albani has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1889-90.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1890-1.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1891-2.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1892-3.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1893-4.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1894-5.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1895-6.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1896-7.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1897-8.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1898-9.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1899-1900.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1900-1.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1901-2.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1902-3.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1903-4.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1904-5.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1905-6.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1906-7.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1907-8.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1908-9.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1909-10.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1910-11.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1911-12.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1912-13.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1913-14.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1914-15.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1915-16.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1916-17.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1917-18.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1918-19.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1919-20.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1920-21.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1921-22.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1922-23.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1923-24.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1924-25.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1925-26.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1926-27.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1927-28.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1928-29.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1929-30.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1930-31.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1931-32.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1932-33.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1933-34.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1934-35.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1935-36.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1936-37.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1937-38.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1938-39.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1939-40.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1940-41.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1941-42.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1942-43.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1943-44.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1944-45.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1945-46.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1946-47.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1947-48.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1948-49.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1949-50.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1950-51.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1951-52.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1952-53.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1953-54.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1954-55.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1955-56.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1956-57.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1957-58.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1958-59.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1959-60.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1960-61.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1961-62.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1962-63.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1963-64.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1964-65.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1965-66.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1966-67.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1967-68.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1968-69.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1969-70.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1970-71.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1971-72.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1972-73.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1973-74.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1974-75.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1975-76.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1976-77.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1977-78.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1978-79.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1979-80.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1980-81.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1981-82.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1982-83.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1983-84.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1984-85.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1985-86.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1986-87.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1987-88.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1988-89.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1989-90.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1990-91.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1991-92.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1992-93.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1993-94.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1994-95.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1995-96.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1996-97.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1997-98.—Mme. Gerster has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, for the season of 1998-99.—Mme. Nevada has been engaged for the Imperial Opera-house,

EMBER 18, 1880.

as the attendance at all of the the-
go, Ill., the past week. The most
mance of the season, says our cor-
as that of Sheridan's 'Rivals,' given
son and company in McVicker's
medy is now given in the compact
ts, with as few changes of scenery
with the preachy verbiage that
d down the part of Falkland just-
ted. They continue another week.
Van Winkle.' Herrmann comes 20.
's John T. Raymond and company
'Col. Sellers' all of the week. Phil-
was engaged here. They go to
'False Friend' is billed for 13.....
pera-house 'The Strategists,' which
ently altered to admit of the intro-
specialties of Mattie Vickers, Chas.
Chas. A. Gardner, was given.....
ion' Combination come to the Olym-
ank Frayne 20.....Sprague has
gement of the 'Nip and Tuck' com-
will start out 20.....Manager
is going to have a larger and finer-
han ever next season.....A large
built on the North side, to be run
es.....Haverly's new theatre is to
ally opposite his present site.....
Tom's Cabin' company is being
the Kansas circuit.....Nixon's
arty came in again about a week
owing to the disagreement of the
usiness had been very good.....J. F.
sent 'Ten Nights in a Barroom' at
et Opera-house, the week beginning
benefit of Mr. Richard the German
present 'William Tell' at McVick-

ever, who in childhood's happy
of the best exponents of little Eva
has ever seen, and who for several
been living in retirement at Her-
in Philadelphia, had a highly suc-
at the Amateur Drawing-room, that
the audience was the largest that
within the walls of the building.
re turned away unable to gain ad-
bill consisted of the fourth act of
h Miss Pennoyer in the title-role,
wist," with the fair benedictary as
Both of these performances were
ever. The scene with Armand was
while as Nancy Sikes Miss Pennoyer
remarkable dramatic instinct and
a young lady is barely fifteen years
s predict for her a brilliant future.
n old theatrical family. Her father
er, the well-known theatrical agent.
ara Pennoyer, nee Reed, has been a
e profession since she was three
which tender age she was carried on
for the baby in "Mr. and Mrs. Peter
Nellie's grandfather is old John
nearly sixty years was gasman at
eet Theatre, Philadelphia, and who
lar position at the National Theatre,
and Reed a favorite low comedian,
is also John Jack. Coming of such
lady could scarcely fail to inherit
nterpolates returning to the profes-
tly next season. Her supporting
Oliver Twist" included Dennis J.
s. F. Hennessy, both of whom made
e impression as the bookseller and
spectively.
—At the Park Theatre, Newark, N.
ican comedy-drama from the pen of
onald, entitled "Ethel," received its
on Dec. 9 to a fair audience. Our cor-
s: "The usual drags, dashing for lines,
, incidental to first-night perform-
t altogether lacking. It is the old
father's curse, a villain's plotting
, and in the four following acts the
y is unraveled. The dialogue is at
place, the situations are sensational,
e lacking in realism, and the action
eems without a sufficient motive.
ir., as performed by George F. Mc-
aracter part similar to Joe Morgan
in a Barroom,' except that in 'Ethel'
y supposed to be killed. For this
er he leaves his wife to the mercy of
d hides in a stable, and during a
attempts suicide; but his child,
rved him from a bay-loft, suc-
g him down; the wife returns and
fortune ends. The last act is the
the mixed-up condition of affairs,
s-you-my-children' ending is con-
much praise cannot be given Messrs.
Thompson's scenery in their correct
of a scene at Coney Island and a
ll and surroundings in New York,
received well-merited applause.
e cast: Adele, Annie Ward Tiffany;
e Mrs. Frank A. Tannehill; Hetty,
lon; Ethel, Lillie Lydia Vernon;
Sr., Welsh Edwards; John Oak-
rge F. McDonald; Richard Way-
Harris; Rev. Dr. Wilbur, Wal-
Blumenschmidt; W. P. Sheldon;
W. H. Bryan; Primrose Green, Jos.
O'Mara and also Phelim O'Mara,
r; Reddy Norris, L. Parsons; Bill
.....Gus Williams is billed 14, 15."
OPERA-HOUSE, Indianapolis, Ind.,
der the business-management of
with Fred Wren as the star attrac-
acter of Marks, opened Dec. 6 in
Dublin." The engagement says our
"was originally for three nights
, but owing to the collapse of the
troupe, booked at this house for 9.
Bailey canceled other dates and
e week. The attendance has been
nd 15 cents. Freddie Wren as Topsy
t. Although only a youngster, he
ility and genius in the part. This
out in week of 13 at Greencastle and
The Little Corinne Opera Company
English's 16, 17, 18, and for week of
send' is announced. For the latter
Alfie Landridge is painting new
the Park Theatre, the Boston Ideal
'Uncle Tom's Cabin' 6, 7, 8 and
moderate attendance, although the
ade to correspond with those at
as a whole the company was the
Bartley Campbell's 'Galley Slave'
ill out the week and opened 9 to
..... Mrs. Scott-Siddons, under
ft of H. J. Sargent, began a season
nances at the Grand Opera-house 6.
Like It' was given, followed by
let' 7, 'School for Scandal' at mat-
Rene's Daughter' and 'The Honey-
s. The lady's acting has brought
rse criticism from the local press.
Dixon announce 'The Pirates of
e Grand 13, 14, 15, Miles' Juvenile-
16, 17, 18, and the Criterion Com-
the Park 13, 14, 15."
ANKER'S DAUGHTER" COMPANY are
hville, Tenn., Dec. 13, 14, Memphis
Orleans, La., 19, one week, Galves-
, 29, 30, Houston 31 and Jan. 1, 1881.
WALLACE-VILLA COMBINATION per-
nsville, Ind., Dec. 10, 11. They are
d 13, 14, Knightstown 15, 16.
-SQUARE THEATRE COMPANY open-
ns, Ja., Dec. 6, for one week, going
le, Ala., 13, 14, Montgomery 15, 16,
18.
s is to play in Trenton, N. J., Dec.
5, Paterson 16, Jersey City 17, 18.
ER'S COMEDY closed their tour in
Dec. 3.
T'S COMPANY played in Rome,
alton 8, 9, Knoxville, Tenn., 10, 11,
Cleveland 13, Chattanooga 14, 15,
16, 17, 18.
Riggs arrived in Christchurch, N.
alia, Oct. 28, and was to have com-
gement in the Theatre Royal about

BLANDOWSKI, wife of Alexander
e well-known ballet-master, died at
r, Col., Dec. 3, and was buried 5th
ery. She was a native of Balti-
e her father, mother and brother

Continued on page 396.

MUSEMENTS.

Y'S MINSTRELS GARDEN THEATRE.
IGHTS. LAST TWO MATINEES.
BIG BLACK BOOM.
HAVERLY'S
GENUINE COLORED
MINSTRELS
OSSAL COLORED CARNIVAL
—100 All Performers. 100 Artists in
frains, Melodies and Comicalities. Mon-
y's Mammoth Pantomime Co. 39-1t
Y'S FIFTH-AVENUE THEATRE.
Proprietor and Manager
ONDAY, DEC. 13, MISS
MARY ANDERSON,
MARY ANDERSON
Y, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, in
EVADNE.
AY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY,
INGOMAR.
ES SATURDAYS AT 2 P. M. 39-1t
Y'S 14TH-ST. THEATRE.
Eighth week of
CE'S SURPRISE PARTY.
ec. 13, and Every Evening at 8.
EDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, at 2,
duced the Operatic Burlesque of
HIAWATHA.
w Scenery, Beautiful Costumes and
ling Music by E. E. RICE. 39-1t
S THEATRE. SALVINI.
IGHT NIGHTS ONLY.
of the Eminent Italian Tragedian
SALVINI,
merican company under the manage-
ent of Mr. John Stetson.
EFORE FIRST WEEK:
EDNESDAY.....OTHELLO
HAMLET
ENING (39-1t).... LA MORTE CIVILE.
N-SQUARE THEATRE.
N.
Saturday Matinee at 2.
ELEVENTH MONTH.
HAZEL KIRKE.
HAZEL KIRKE.
HAZEL KIRKE.
HAZEL KIRKE.
HAZEL KIRKE.
HAZEL KIRKE.
HAZEL KIRKE.
39-2t
OPERA-HOUSE,
Avenue and Twenty-third street.
ILLY.....Lessees and Managers
(Orchestra, Circle and Balcony), 50c.
UGH & FULFORD COMBINATION
D MISS ANNIE PIXLEY
ay play of the day,
HE CHILD OF THE SIERRAS.
McDONOUGH as YUBA BILL.
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY. 39-1t
S (NEW) PARK THEATRE.
omises the sensation of the metropolis."
Y.....Lessee and Manager
TH AND LAST WEEK OF
E LEGION OF HONOR.
THE LEGION OF HONOR.
CCESS, LAST WEEK.
C. 20, LAWRENCE BARRETT IN
PLAY "YORICK'S LOVE." 39-1t
RET THEATRE.
ADWAY AND 30th STREET.
ON.....Proprietor and Manager
LAST NIGHTS OF
BARTLEY CAMPBELL'S
MATRIMONY.
ction, Bartley Campbell's new Irish drama
MY GERALDINE.
roduced on a scale of unequaled mag-
39-1t.
THEATRE,
Broadway and Thirtieth street.
Y NIGHT AT 8. (Over at 11).
NEEDLES AND PINS.
NEEDLES AND PINS.
liday Comedy, 41st to 45th time.
mes like magic."—TIMES.
EDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AT 2.
be secured for Christmas and New Year's.
ce to all matinees. 39-1t

BIRCH & BACKUS'
SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS.
Opera-house, Broadway and Twenty-ninth street.
The new piece received with screams.
SCENES AT ROGERS, FRET & CO.'S
CLOTHING EMPORIUM.
First appearance of the great comedians
WILLIAM CARROLL AND RICHARD GORMAN.
A ROARING BILL THIS WEEK.
Seats secured. Matinee Saturday at 2. 39-1t*

TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE,
52 BROADWAY.
SPECIAL EXCELLENCE OF PROGRAMME THIS WEEK. The Funniest Dutchman in the world,
HARRY WATSON,
HARRY WATSON.
The talented comedienne and soubrette
MISS ALICE HUTCHINS.
TONY PASTOR. TONY PASTOR.
KELLY AND RYAN KELLY AND RYAN
in new act, "Phunny, All Sorts."
IRWIN SISTERS, LA VERDE SISTERS,
Character Sketches. Songs, dances, ballads.
CHAS. and ANNIE WHITING. COGILL BROTHERS,
Trombone Duettists. Humorous Sketches.
CHARLES DIAMOND, LILLIAN RUSSELL,
Harp-solos and dances. Ballads.
Miss FLORENCE MERTON, Balladist.
First time of a screaming Dutch sketch,
KRAUSMEYER'S RIVAL. KRAUSMEYER'S RIVAL.
MATINEES TUESDAY and FRIDAY. 39-1t

BERRY'S BROADWAY THEATRE,
Williamsburg, N. Y., Dec. 13, 1880. Evening at 8. Matinees Tuesday and Saturday at 2. Wanted, Variety talent and Sensational stars. Dec. 20, Charles Thornton in his drama entitled "Simon Kenton." 39-1t*

THEATRE COMIQUE,
94 BROADWAY.
HARRIGAN & HART.....Proprietors
JOHN E. CANNON.....Manager
MESSRS. HARRIGAN AND HART
in Mr. Edward Harrigan - new comic play, entitled
VOLUME I OF THE MULLIGAN-GUARD SERIES,
THE MULLIGAN GUARD NOMINEE.
THE MULLIGAN GUARD'S NOMINEE.
Mr. EDWARD HARRIGAN as.....DAN MULLIGAN
Mr. TONY HART as.....MRS. REBECCA ALLUP
Fresh and sparkling music, composed expressly for the play by the popular director and composer Mr. Dave Braham.
New and elaborate scenery by Mr. Chas. W. Witham.
Novel mechanical effects by Mr. Robert Cutler.
THE SKIDMORE GUARD will muster and parade in new and beautiful uniforms.
MATINEES
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY. 39-1t

HARRY MINER'S
NEW THEATRE,
Nos. 165, 167 and 169 Bowery, New York.
Specialty Artists, Living Curiosities and Novelties of all Descriptions, address HARRY MINER,
23-1t-tf Sole Proprietor and Manager.

VOLKS'
VARIETY AND NOVELTY THEATRE,
190, 201 BOWERY.
MRS. PAUL FALK.....Sole Proprietress
MATINEES THURSDAY AND SATURDAY.
Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert Every Sunday Evening. 29-1t-tf

DICK PARKER'S
AMERICAN THEATRE,
Between 30th and 31st streets, Third avenue, New York City.
MATINEES TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY.
First-class artists wishing engagements, apply at once.
37-1t tf DICK PARKER, Proprietor and Manager.

NEW
NATIONAL THEATRE,
104 AND 106 BOWERY, NEW YORK.
M. HEUMAN.....Proprietor and Manager
Open all the year round. First-class dramatic stars and specialty artists wanted at all times. Address all communications to M. HEUMAN, Proprietor. 39-1t*

WANTED, PERFORMERS IN every branch of the profession, at all times. Call or address HARRY HILL'S THEATRE, Cor. Houston and Crosby streets, New York. Evenings, after 8 o'clock. 39-1t*

DAVE REED,
formerly of Bryant's Minstrels, gives lessons in Jig-dancing, Song-and-dance and Bone-playing at his residence, 150 W. TWENTY-FOURTH STREET, New York. 39-1t*

A GRAND POOL TOURNAMENT, for prizes amounting to $600, will commence at O'Connor's Union-square Amphitheatre, 60 and 62 East Fourteenth street, on THURSDAY EVENING, Jan. 6. All who wish to contest will address J. D. O'CONNOR, 788 Broadway, New York. Entries close Dec. 25. 39-4t

PETE CONKLIN,
ORIGINAL CLOWN AND JESTER,
who has many imitators, but no rival.
ALL ROADS TO THE FRONT
with the latest, freshest and newest, has been re-engaged for Sells Brothers' Big Show. Permanent address, Ripley, O. The river still keeps rolling on. 39-1t*

WANT THREE LEADING MEN (tragedians), two Leading Ladies (emotional tragediennes), Genteel Old Man, Irish Comedian, Yankee Comedian. All must be first-class in all respects. State lowest salary and experience. Send playbills. Would like to hear from educated talented amateurs desiring an unprecedentedly good chance for a debut and long engagement. Address P. O. Box 3,470, New York. 39-1t*

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I have this day withdrawn from the management of THE "CONSTABLE HOOK" COMPANY, and I hereby give notice that I will not be responsible for any contracts made after this date. Any person using my name in any way with the above company does so without my authority. My reason for this step is that I have another enterprise in view which requires my immediate attention.
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New York, Dec. 11, 1880. 39-1t

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ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

FRANK QUEEN,
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THE NEW YORK

CLIPPER ALMANAC

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FROM THE

DAILY ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS

OF

DENVER, COLORADO, DEC. 1, 1880.

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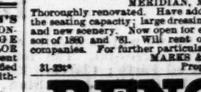

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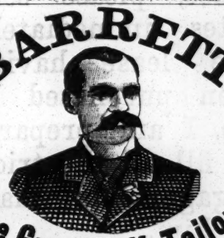

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